

The Outlook

Vol. 70

April 5, 1902

No. 14

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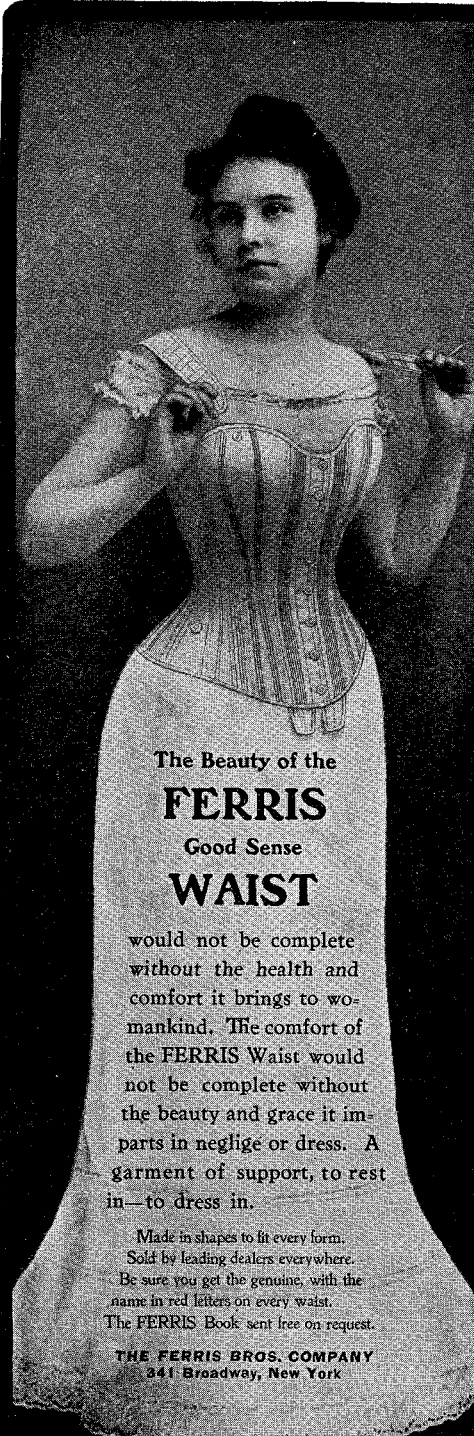
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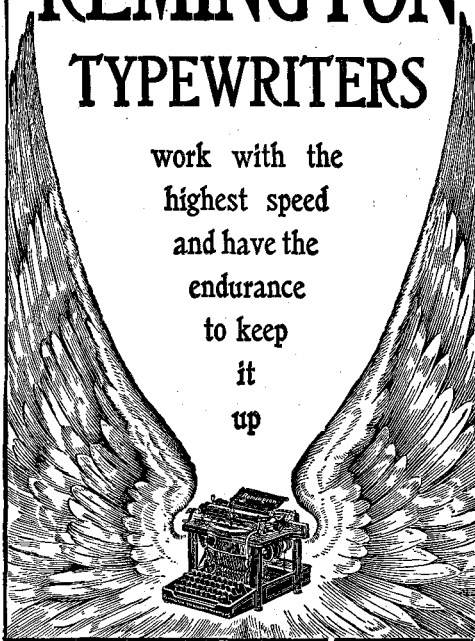
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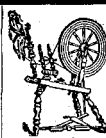
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Events in Congress

Last week in Congress was singularly uneventful. Apparently the most exciting topic was the proposed coinage system for the Philippines. The Senate's Committee—or rather sub-committee—which has had this matter under consideration reported unanimously in favor of the coinage of an American-Philippine silver dollar of the same weight and fineness as the Mexican dollar or peso now in use. Of course this would involve the continuance for the present of the silver standard in the Philippines, and by some it was asserted that this decision was intended by the Republican majority in the Senate Committee to win the favor of silver Republicans for the Administration's Philippine policy. The significance of the step advised seems, however, to have been greatly exaggerated. The people of the Philippines now use silver coins and would probably continue to use them for most transactions even if the gold standard should be introduced. The Committee seems to have decided against the introduction of the gold standard chiefly because it would have required the maintenance of another gold reserve to redeem silver coins in gold on demand, but also because the people of the Philippines are accustomed to the silver standard, and it is considered unwise to force them to accept a change in this minor matter. During the discussion of the oleomargarine bill in the Senate, an amendment was introduced by Senator Harris, of Kansas, to make the provisions of the act against fraud apply to farmers as well as manufacturers. The Populist Senator pointed out that much adulterated butter was a greater imposition upon consumers than most oleomargarine, and he declared that an act avowedly aimed at frauds in the butter industry should apply to country and city alike. In the House the

most important event was probably the report of the new Chinese Exclusion Act, with the clause against the employment of Chinamen in ships with an American registry stricken out. The Committee was moved to strike out this clause by the fact that American vessels engaged in trans-Pacific commerce must compete with foreign vessels which employ Chinese, and the proposed prohibition might therefore force these American vessels to seek foreign registry. A further justification for the Committee's action is the fact that anti-Chinese legislation is avowedly aimed to maintain the homogeneity of American citizenship. The quality of our citizenship is not threatened by the employment of Chinese as sailors on our trans-Pacific lines. On Monday of this week the Cuban Relief Bill was ordered favorably reported to the House by the Ways and Means Committee by a vote of 11 to 5, and the Philippine Government Bill was reported to the Senate by Mr. Lodge.



The Republic of Cuba A date has now been fixed definitely for the inauguration of President Palma of Cuba, and for the beginning of Cuba's career as an independent nation, restricted only by the provisions of the Platt Amendment. This date is the 20th of May, and thereafter as soon as possible United States troops will be withdrawn except as left for garrisons in the coaling and naval stations to be ceded to this country under the Platt agreement. Secretary Root's order to General Wood directs him to convene the Cuban Congress at a reasonable time before the 20th of May, to promulgate the Constitution agreed on by the recent Constitutional Convention, to confer with President Palma as to the details of the transfer, and to withdraw the military forces, leaving only "in the

coast fortifications such small number of artillerymen as may be necessary, for such reasonable time as may be required to enable the new government to organize and substitute therefor an adequate military force of its own." President Roosevelt's message to Congress on the subject recapitulates the pledges of the United States to Cuba, quotes in full the Platt Amendment, and calls the attention of Congress to the need of providing for diplomatic representation in Cuba; for this the President asks that provision and appropriation be made at once for an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Cuba, with a salary of \$10,000, a Consul-General at Havana with a salary of \$5,000, and Secretaries of Legation and Consuls for Cienfuegos and Santiago at lesser salaries. The President only indirectly refers to the question of reciprocity with Cuba in his closing mention of "the new relations which have been created by the achievement of Cuban independence, and which are to be broadened and strengthened in every proper way by conventional pacts with the Cubans, and by wise and beneficent legislation aiming to stimulate the commerce between the two countries, if the great task we accepted in 1898 is to be fittingly accomplished."



Cuban Views The sincerity of the United States and the acceptable character of its plans for installing independent government in Cuba are cordially acknowledged by President Palma. In a statement to the press General Palma says:

The Government of the United States has shown a most beautiful example of good faith in dealing with a weak government which it undertook to rescue from its oppressors. It has demonstrated its generosity and patriotism, and by the shedding of its own blood has helped Cuba to break the chain which united it with Spain. Some countries would have sought some pretext for selfish gain in undertaking a work of this character, and taken advantage of some technicality for their own aggrandizement, but the contrary spirit has been manifested by the United States, and it has given to the world an evidence of good will seldom found.

General Palma adds that he will enter upon his duties as President of Cuba confident in the belief that there is a

splendid future in store for the island. "The people," he adds, "are naturally of an orderly, peaceable disposition, mild-mannered, and submissive to law and to order. What they need is the opportunity to work, and, with this assured, prosperity will come to the people." President Palma will not select his Cabinet until after he reaches Havana. General Wood has every hope for the success of the new Government; the people, he says, are loyal and law-abiding; the Treasury has a balance of \$500,000; the income of the island is equal to its financial demands, and the Cubans, he thinks, are capable of governing themselves now. A different view of the situation is put forward by the Secretary of the Cuban Delegation now in Washington, Señor L. V. de Abad, who declares, in an address to Congress, that the question of reciprocity is really a domestic question for the United States; that Cuba is really, in the sight of the world, an American colony. He adds:

The island of Cuba is to-day a military dependency of the United States. It is less than a Territory, and to-morrow, when the Platt Amendment becomes operative, although called a republic, it will, in view of said amendment, be less independent than Australia or Canada; less independent than it would have been under the autonomic constitution granted by Spain in 1897. The degree of sovereignty enjoyed by Cuba is not to be compared with that exercised by Bulgaria or Serbia, because these countries are protected by the Treaty of Berlin, which secured the signatures of a number of Powers, and the Republic of Cuba has no guarantee save that bestowed by an act of Congress, which may be repealed by a subsequent act.

However Cubans may differ as to the probable future relations of their country with ours, both Cubans and citizens of the United States are united in their approval of the conviction and sentencing of the three American postal defaulters, Rathbone, Neely, and Reeves. The evidence of their guilt was overwhelming, and the Cuban court which tried them was rightly severe in view of the fact that their crime was doubly flagrant because of the position of the United States in Cuba as a trustee. The United States Government has aided and encouraged in every possible way the prosecution of these men, and this course has done a great deal to establish Cuban belief in the good faith of the United States in its Cuban promises and policy.

A Virginia Plea for a Just Suffrage Law

The Virginia Constitutional Convention has just finished discussing the suffrage question. An influential minority demanded that the new qualification for the suffrage should follow the line of good citizenship rather than the line of color. Dr. Richard McIlwaine, the President of Hampden-Sidney College, put the argument of this minority very strongly in an address which he delivered before a conference of the Democratic members of the Convention, and which has since been republished in pamphlet form. He expressed at the outset his belief in the superiority of the white race and the inferiority of the negro race; but he declared that "it is not the negro vote" which is chiefly responsible for the present corruption in Virginia politics, "but it is the depraved and incompetent men of our own race." To bring this home to his audience Dr. McIlwaine presented a comparison of the social and criminal statistics of two Congressional districts in Virginia—the Ninth and the Fourth—the former a typical white district and the latter a typical negro district. The contrast between the two may be put in the following parallel columns:

White District.	Black District.
9 whites to 1 negro.	5 whites to 6 negroes.
4 literate voters to 1 illiterate.	2.7 literate voters to 1 illiterate.
1 felony in 1900 for every 105 voters.	1 felony for every 268 voters.
1 person sent to penitentiary for every 489 voters.	1 person sent to penitentiary for every 912 voters.
Criminal expenses 74 cents per voter.	Criminal expenses 42 cents per voter.

In other words, while the white district makes much the better showing as regards schooling, it makes much the worse showing as regards crime. The object of the Convention, Dr. McIlwaine contended, was to elevate the electorate; and if this was to be done, a line should be drawn which would eliminate the worst elements, both black and white. Such a line ought to be drawn, he said, even if the Federal Constitution did not require it, and such a line must be drawn if the supreme law of the land was to be obeyed. In order that it might be drawn, Dr. McIlwaine made the following recommendation:

Let those citizens of Virginia, not debarred by other sections of the Constitution, who are assessed with a poll tax of \$1.50 and a State

tax on property of the value of at least \$150, be registered and remain on the registration list permanently. Before they are allowed to vote, require a certificate to be presented to the officers of election, showing that these taxes have been paid six months before election. After January 1, 1904, require every applicant for registration, in addition to the above prerequisites, to present his application in writing, done with his own hand, in the presence of the registrar. Make no exemptions except of soldiers resident in Virginia who have actually served in time of war.

Dr. McIlwaine admitted that a suffrage law thus drawn would deprive a few worthy citizens of the franchise, but "no citizen," he urged with force, "has a right to complain of such abridgment when it is essential to the welfare of the body politic." The number of public-spirited white voters in Virginia unable to pay direct taxes on \$150 worth of property is probably less than the number of citizens disfranchised every year by the registration laws of New York. Those who object most to property qualifications on the ground that they lessen the influence of the poor upon the counsels of the government will readily admit that Dr. McIlwaine's property qualification would exclude relatively few poor voters, except of the shiftless and venal class which everywhere votes as the boss and moneyed power back of him demands. It is probable that a majority of the Convention would have accepted substantially Dr. McIlwaine's proposal had not the Democratic State platform seemed to pledge them not to disfranchise any white voters except for crime. The provision finally adopted guards the suffrage after 1904 substantially as Dr. McIlwaine proposed, but prior to that allows a distinction between whites and blacks by authorizing white registration officers to put on the rolls untaxed illiterates who "understand" the Constitution when it is read to them.



The Unjust Law in Alabama

The way in which this "understanding" clause is likely to be interpreted in Virginia is clearly revealed by the way in which Alabama's "character" clause is now being interpreted in that commonwealth. The Alabama Boards of Registrars have recently begun the work of making up the list of "life" voters—voters whose names shall remain upon the rolls whether or not they would otherwise be

debarred from voting by the suffrage qualifications to go into effect in 1903. The following paragraphs from the Montgomery "Advertiser" illustrate the manner in which the Boards are proceeding:

Birmingham, March 10.—The registrars in the city beats completed their first term to-day. As it was reported that negroes would be given an opportunity of registering to-day, a large number of colored men presented themselves, and the majority of them were turned down. The negroes were disqualified on one thing or other, the good-character clause proving a stumbling-block. The total number of negroes registered during the three weeks' sitting of the Board will be under one hundred. The total registration for the city is fairly good.

Anniston, March 11.—The work of registering the life voters of Calhoun County was begun yesterday morning. Hon. John B. Knox, President of the late Constitutional Convention, was the first on the registration books. Up to the time of closing yesterday 130 persons had registered, all white. Eight negroes applied to the Board, but were not given certificates. Their names were taken to be submitted to a committee of reputable citizens, who will report as to their characters. This course will be adhered to by the registrars with regard to colored voters.

Huntsville, March 21.—The Madison County Board of Registrars has reported that two negroes, the first in the county, were registered Wednesday at Toney. Alexander Brooks, a colored soldier who fought in the Civil War, presented his honorable discharge, and, in accordance with the Constitution, he and his son, Thomas Brooks, were registered and entitled to vote for life.

Selma, March 21.—The Registrars for Dallas County complete the first three weeks of their work in Selma to-morrow, and will then go from here to Valley Creek beat, which adjoins the city and is the largest beat in Dallas County, outside of the city precinct. Up to last night about five hundred and fifty of the citizens of Selma had registered, seventeen of whom only are negroes.

Another despatch from Selma says: "The people here believe that the new Constitution was adopted to get rid of the negro vote, and they are insisting that the letter and spirit of eliminating the blacks from participating in governing this county in the future be strictly adhered to." Apparently the fact that the letter and the spirit of the Constitution of the United States forbid the disfranchisement of citizens because of race or color is a matter of no concern. The discrimination against the negro race, manifest in the framing of the new Alabama Constitution, is made more glaring by the manner in which the Constitution is being

carried into effect. No journal is more anxious than The Outlook to get rid of race and sectional issues in our politics, but, as believers in obedience to the supreme law of the land and the principles of equal rights, we are bound to protest against the injustice of these measures. Indeed, we protest because we hate race and sectional issues—for sectional issues depend for their very life upon race issues, and race issues are kept alive by laws expressive of race scorn and ministering to race bitterness. The people at the North who are most anxious to bury these issues are most concerned that the South shall show its loyalty to the Federal Constitution, and make its suffrage qualifications follow the lines of good citizenship instead of the line of color.

The Threatened Coal Strike

The convention of anthracite coal miners at Shamokin, Pa., adopted last week a resolution reciting the fact that anthracite coal miners receive smaller wages than any other similar class of American workmen, making the claim that they have not received during the past year the treatment promised them a year ago, and authorizing their executive committee to order a strike if the employing companies should not before April 1 concede their demand for "a shorter work-day, a minimum day wage scale, uniform increase in wages, and the weighing of coal wherever the physical conditions of mining would make it practicable." The resolutions further provided—and this was their most interesting feature—that before the strike was ordered an effort should be made to obtain a peaceful settlement through the agency of the Executive Committee of the Industrial Department of the National Civic Federation. In accordance with this resolution an appeal was made to this Committee—the so-called "Arbitration Committee" of which Senator Hanna and President Gompers are at the head—and this committee invited representatives of the coal companies to meet with its members and with representatives of the miners at its New York office. This invitation was accepted and a conference was held, after which the representatives of the miners decided to defer the ordering of the strike.

Whether or not any concessions are obtained, and whether or not the strike is safely averted, it is a considerable gain that this conference should have taken place. The anthracite coal companies have steadfastly refused to recognize the United Miners' Union, and the officials representing the companies would probably not have entered into a conference with officials representing the miners, had the invitation come directly from the miners. But when it came from the committee of the Civic Federation, the companies' officials could not well decline it because the union's officials were also invited. The way is thus prepared for future conferences, and for a time when conferences shall as a matter of course precede extreme measures.



**Governing Railroads
by Injunction**

Judge Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court, last week issued a temporary injunction restraining six great railway systems entering Chicago from making any rate higher or lower than their published schedules. This injunction was asked for by Mr. W. A. Day, the special attorney representing the United States Government, but it was framed in conference by attorneys representing the railroads as well as the Government, and "the feature of the hearing before Judge Grosscup," as the Chicago "Record-Herald" reports, was that upon the Court's expressing doubt as to his right to grant the remedy sought, Attorney Lloyd W. Bowers, of the Northwestern road, speaking for all, and fearing that the Court would refuse to grant the order, hastened to inform the Court that no opposition would be made, but that the railroad officials rather desired the entry of a restraining measure. The attorneys for the railroads later told the Court that if the injunction operated as was hoped, perhaps no opposition would be made to the permanency of the order; but Judge Grosscup rightly refused to permit the order to be made permanent without the fullest investigation and argument of counsel. He realized that he was asked to take a step of momentous importance, the significance of which he stated as follows:

If this injunction can be maintained, it will make courts of justice the masters of main-

tenance of rates, for in probing into violations of its orders the court has immensely more latitude than is given in criminal proceedings. It can reach the men at the top and at the bottom, and can make its punishment adequate to secure an observance of its rulings. But it would be an assumption of tremendous power.

The end sought by the order—the prevention of special rates to favored shippers—is one which all public-spirited men desire to secure. Mr. Day, in an earlier argument in the case, had stated that the Government was prepared to show that favored packers received rates more than one-third less than those offered the public, and that rate-cutting of this sort, carried on secretly before 1901, began in that year to be carried on openly in brazen defiance of the law. Abuses of this sort on the part of railroads are no more capable of defense than is lawlessness on the part of striking laborers. But the fact that the laws ought to be enforced against their violators, whether railroads or laborers, does not mean that the ordinary processes of law should be superseded by the process of injunction. It is not in accord with the spirit of English civilization that the protection of society should be vested in courts, empowered to prosecute, try, and sentence, without the co-operation of juries, or of officials representing the executive branch of the Government. Such an enlargement of the functions of the judiciary, no matter for how good a purpose, is to be regarded with alarm.



Cecil Rhodes The story is told that Cecil Rhodes, who died in Cape Town on Wednesday of last week, as long ago as his Kimberley diamond-mining days once laid his hand on that part of the map of South Africa reaching from the Cape to the Zambesi and said, "All that for England! That is my dream." Even those who would refuse to Rhodes the descriptive phrase so generally bestowed upon him, that of empire-builder, may admit that his aggressions had something behind them besides personal ambition and desire for wealth. His motives and his character were not single or simple. In another place in this number of The Outlook the man's purpose and place in history are discussed; here we may briefly note some of the important inci-

dents in his career and some of the impressions he made on his contemporaries. Cecil John Rhodes was an English clergyman's younger son, was born forty-nine years ago, was educated at Oxford—one of his recreations in later years was reading typewritten translations of the classics executed especially for him, while he said that he knew Gibbon almost by heart. He went to South Africa for his health before he was twenty-one and before he had his degree, found his way to the then new diamond-fields, made money and gained health, then returned to Oxford to finish his studies. Again entering in the diamond-mining enterprise at Kimberley, his astonishing energy, audacity, and good fortune put him at the head of the De Beers-Kimberley consolidation, with a capital of \$20,000,000. The discovery of gold in the Transvaal offered new chances for money-making, treating with natives, and financiering on a large scale. Soon nothing of importance in all South Africa took place without Rhodes's having a share or influence in it. In 1889 he secured the charter of the British South Africa Company; the next year he became Premier of Cape Colony, and remained in office six years. The Company was the instrument of territorial expansion by which Mashonaland and Matabeleland were to be brought under British influence, and by which Rhodesia was to be brought into existence, while the gigantic scheme of the Cape-to-Cairo railroad promised to bind together and make easily exploitable all British-administered African land.



Rhodes and the Boers Meanwhile the two Boer republics lay in the center of the territory which Rhodes longed to see "all red." We cannot examine closely here the history of Rhodes's dealings with the two republics, nor of his acknowledged connection with Jameson's raid. His reasons for planning and financing the raid are thus given by a biographer in his own words:

There were three reasons. In the first place, I found that old Kruger was an insuperable obstacle to the union of South Africa, even for commercial purposes and for the development of the country. I tried him in every way I could on what you may call Afrikaner principles, but it was of no use, and so long as he ruled the Transvaal the brake was put on all progress in South Africa. The

second reason was that there was an English-speaking minority opposed to Kruger, but at least as much opposed to seeing South Africa under the British flag. That was then a small minority, but a growing one, and if left to develop it would have become a majority. When the hour came to get rid of Kruger, that would have balked the policy for which I had struggled all my life—to make South Africa an integral part of the British Empire. The third reason was: You cannot make revolutions in these days without money, and I had at my command at that time a combination of millionaires ready to support me whom I might never be able to get together again.

When the inquiry into the Jameson raid took place, Mr. Rhodes boldly avowed his part, sneered at the "unctuous rectitude" of the Englishmen who condemned the raid, and his comment on the conviction of Jameson was, "What a tribute to the moral worth of the nation which has 'jumped' the world!" Previous to the contest over Bechuanaland Rhodes had been, on the whole, friendly to the Boers, and in that matter had obtained peace from them when other commissioners had failed. After the Jameson raid, contrary to the general impression, he had little to do with the events immediately preceding the war. He said: "I made a mistake with regard to the Transvaal once, and that is quite enough for me. A burned child dreads the fire. I keep aloof from the whole Transvaal crisis, so that no one will be able to say, if things go wrong, 'That Rhodes is in it again!'" That his usually keen judgment was not always sound is shown by his saying before the war began, "The notion of the Transvaal being able to trouble Great Britain at all seriously is too ridiculous." During the worst days of the war Mr. Rhodes was in Kimberley, and did much to keep up the courage and efficiency of the besieged British soldiers and the people.



Mr. Rhodes's Personality That the personality of Mr. Rhodes was many-sided, peculiar, and interesting, a few quotations from people who knew him well will show. His wealth-seeking and empire building did not interfere with his study of the classics, his love for rose-culture, his fondness for collecting old Dutch furniture and curios, and his delight in hunting. Mr. Hensman, a recent biographer, confesses that "Rhodes is a

bundle of inconsistencies, and we no sooner feel that at length we have estimated his character correctly and fathomed all its depths than he does something which upsets the whole of our calculations, and it is necessary to begin all over again." Rhodes said to General Gordon, when Gordon told him of having refused a roomful of gold offered as a bribe by China, "It is no use to have great ideas if you have not the money to carry them out," and both in his money-making and in his "empire-building" there was certainly always a touch of the colossal and imposing, even where moral idealism was lost sight of. Mr. John Hays Hammond, the American engineer, characterizes Rhodes as essentially a great captain of industry, democratic in his tastes, of unbounded generosity, imaginative but not a mere visionary, and quotes with acquiescence Mr. Stead's statement that Rhodes wished to superimpose the imperial idea upon democratic foundations. Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his "History of Our Own Times," says that Rhodes "was above all things an adventurer by temperament and by career, . . . eager to extend the empire, but not unwilling at the same time to make money out of the enterprise." Sir William Harcourt once said regarding Mr. Rhodes's well-known views on preferential tariffs between England and her colonies, and the necessity for compelling the African natives to work, "Reasonable man, Mr. Rhodes! He is so easily satisfied! All he asks us to do is to give up free trade and to restore slavery!" General Gordon once said to him, "Rhodes, you are one of those men who never approve of anything unless you originate it yourself." Mr. Hillegas, the author of "Oom Paul's People," sums up some of the contradictory opinions about Rhodes by saying: "No two South Africans will agree on the methods by which Mr. Rhodes attained his position in the affairs of the country. Some say he owes his success to his great wealth; others declare that his personal magnetism is responsible for all that he ever attained. His enemies intimate that political chicanery is the foundation of his progress, while his friends resent the intimation and laud his sterling honesty." It is said that much of Mr. Rhodes's wealth will go to the cause of education.

Mr. Schalkburcher
and
Lord Kitchener

The correspondence between the Boer leaders captured some months ago revealed the fact that Mr. Schalkburcher (the nominal official head of the Transvaal Boers since Mr. Kruger's departure) was making strenuous efforts to induce Mr. Steyn, the head of the Orange State Boers, to consent to a suspension of hostilities. Accordingly, not much surprise was manifested last week when it was announced that Mr. Schalkburcher had asked Lord Kitchener, British Commander-in-Chief, for a grant of safe-conduct through the British lines and back, in order to confer with Mr. Steyn with reference to the possibility of peace proposals, and that Lord Kitchener, with the Government's consent, had acceded to the request. Mr. Schalkburcher accordingly arrived at Pretoria, where he had an interview with General Kitchener, and has gone to Kroonstad to see Mr. Steyn. These things would have occasioned greater interest and hopefulness if it had been thought that the civilian leaders of the Boers were able to induce the fighting leaders in the field—such men as Generals Delarey, De Wet, and Botha—to surrender. There is also little to show that the civilians have any real authority to impose submission on these commanders. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Schalkburcher cleverly chose an opportune moment for his request. He knew that, after the conspicuously magnanimous treatment of Lord Methuen by General Delarey, the English would be characteristically quick to respond to more liberal terms of peace; he knew, too, that his own people, after the Delarey victory, could yield with better grace. If the Boer leaders decide to yield, it is to be hoped that on his part Lord Kitchener will (1) withdraw the harsh banishment proclamation of last September; (2) arrange for a general amnesty, and (3) for ample grants to enable the burghers to make a fresh start. A little over a year ago, in reply to General Botha's questions, the British commander declined to promise amnesty to rebels, and added that his Government would only be responsible for the debts of the two republican Governments to the extent of \$5,000,000. The main difficulty will probably be the question of amnesty to the Cape and Natal rebels. Some

observers who would grant amnesty to the rebels would also disfranchise them for life. This, they believe, would do much to allay the bitterness of the loyalists.



Land Rentals and Sales in Ireland

Though the present agricultural crisis in Ireland is acute, a quarter of a century ago, because of the high rents charged by landlords to peasant farmers, conditions were much worse. The Gladstone Government, therefore, finally passed an act in 1881 by which statutory terms of fifteen years each were to be established and rental rates for those terms judicially fixed by a Land Court. The first and second revisions have been made, resulting in an average reduction of about two-fifths in rent charges and benefiting the peasantry by just so much. Nine years hence the second statutory term will expire, and the landlords are anticipating it with alarm. They say that the third revision, lowering rates still further, will inevitably bring ruin to them. The Irish members of Parliament, however, were not satisfied with rental reforms alone; they also demanded an enlargement of the opportunity for purchasing land. So persistent was their agitation that in 1885 and 1891 Land Purchase Acts were passed, under which, by large funds loaned by the State to tenants at easy rates to facilitate transfers, the landlords have received an average price amounting to about seventeen years of the rents as revised by the Land Courts. Even were the lands unencumbered—and at least nine-tenths were not—the landlords would hardly be reimbursed at this rate. Mr. Russell, an Irish Unionist member, proposes that a bonus be given to the landlords, similar in plan to that which they now enjoy by reason of their exemption from contributing to the poor-rates under the Irish Local Government Act of 1898, on condition that they consent to a system by which they may be compelled to sell land whether they want to or not. The Act of 1898 permits the various Irish localities to manage their own affairs by means of elective county bodies. It may be remembered that when the Act was passed, the well-grounded fear that the new County Councils might unjustly apportion the poor-rates led Par-

liament to exempt the landlords from their share, \$1,750,000 a year, of the poor-rates, the sum being paid from the Imperial exchequer.



Mr. Wyndham's Bill

A new Land Bill has now been introduced into Parliament. Last week Mr. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, brought forward his measure to amend the Irish Land Purchase Law. A reason for the amendment lies in the fact that the landowners, especially those in the west of Ireland, are unwilling to sell their excellent properties, which adjoin the poor lands on which the peasants have been trying to eke out a scanty living. In order to induce some landlords to sell, Mr. Wyndham would make the Government itself an intermediary between landlord and tenant-purchasers. His measure authorizes the Land Commission itself (1) to take over the whole or a part of any estate whose owner is willing to sell; (2) to resell to tenants—but the assent of three-fourths of the tenants is essential before the Commission may undertake to transfer any part of the estate; (3) to resell to the landlord himself a part not exceeding one-fifth, in case he wishes to continue to reside on his actual home demesne; (4) to draw for these purposes upon the exchequer for cash; a sum not exceeding \$15,000,000 at any one time may be advanced to the Land Commission, thus enabling purchases to be made on a much larger scale than hitherto. As might be expected, the measure does not wholly please either landlords or tenants. The first say that it will not prove a solution of the land problem unless it empowers the Commission to offer a higher price than the rate now obtaining; the second class, as represented by the separatist Irish members in Parliament, say that to be a success the bill must make the purchase of land compulsory, and must also reinstate evicted tenants. Yet, at this distance, it appears as if the measure might do something towards settling a vexed question. It certainly would (1) lessen litigation; (2) simplify Land Court procedure; (3) minimize the legal expenses of peasant purchasers. The bill seems an ingenious step in the right direction.

The
French Parliament

Last week M. Waldeck-Rousseau, French Prime Minister, introduced in the Chamber of Deputies a resolution providing that its term shall henceforth be six years instead of four, and the Chamber passed the resolution by a substantial majority. With the probable concurrence of the Senate, the resolution will become operative, and will thus place the term of the French Parliament more in line with that of the British and Austrian Parliaments; though these bodies are generally dissolved before the limit is reached. In Great Britain the British Parliament's term was fixed nearly two centuries ago at seven years. Six years is the term prescribed for the House of Representatives of the Austrian Reichsrath. Five years is the limit of the terms of the German Reichstag, the Lower House of the German Parliament, and of the Italian and Hungarian Chambers of Deputies, the Lower Houses respectively of the Italian and Hungarian Parliaments. Three years is the term of the Swiss National Council, as the Lower House of the Swiss Federal Assembly or Parliament is called. The significant thing about the proposed change in France is its evidence of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's independence. Hitherto the Cabinet has been supposed to depend for its existence on the favor of the Socialists, and certainly on that of the Radicals. The Prime Minister himself, however, though a Radical, has countenanced a movement quite in opposition to the general history of Radicals in politics. As a rule, they have not shown themselves willing to allow so long a period as six years to elapse between appeals to the people. The present French Premier is perhaps the most brilliant Continental statesman of recent years; his Cabinet, chosen as a makeshift and including members from most political factions, among them the Socialists, was not supposed to have within it vitality enough to exist even through one phase of the Dreyfus affair. It has lived through all phases of the affair; it has established the most far-reaching military and ecclesiastical reforms ever attempted in France, and is now, by reason both of length of days and quality of service, so strong that it may furnish startling evidences of

independence. For the sake of the strengthening of republican institutions in France, we hope that the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet may long continue in power. It has possibly made some slight mistakes of judgment; it has certainly made not a few enemies; but its title to the affection of real republicans should be all the greater because it has ranged in opposition the Clericals, Monarchists, and the mis-called Nationalists.



A Japanese Statesman

Marquis Ito has gone and Count Matsukata has come among us. Both are ex-Premiers of the Japanese Empire, and the two together represent those great clans of Choshu and Satsuma which for at least five centuries have powerfully and for the past fifty years very directly influenced the national policy of Japan. The former excel in civil, the latter in military, activities. Ito was a Choshu and Matsukata a Satsuma man. Matsukata has shown exceptional ability in civil and especially in industrial and financial affairs. Born at Kagoshima in 1835, he was trained to the life of a *samurai* in letters and arms, but was among the first of the pilgrims bound to Nagasaki to learn naval affairs from the Dutchmen and be more or less influenced by Verbeek of Japan. He had a hand in the *coup d'état* which in Kyoto in 1868 overthrew the tycoon system. After a year or two of administrative office he went in the Department of Finance, working night and day for years for the reform of the land tax which lifted a mighty burden from the farmers. He had already sent his son to an American college, but his first sight of Western countries was on his journey to Paris in 1878, as President of the Japanese section. The Emperor made him Minister of Finance in 1881, and in 1884 created him Count and decorated him. Japanese finance was far from being on a sound basis, but Matsukata accomplished the redemption of the inconvertible notes. While still having his hand on the treasury, the Mikado called him to be Premier. The constitution was not yet promulgated and no cabinet could have a very long life, but hardly was Matsukata out of office than he was called to succeed Ito as Premier and Minister of Finance in

1896, resigning in 1898. The years in which the Count was in office have been of extraordinary national interest in and study of finance. His boldest stroke was the change of the national money system from silver to gold. After October 1, 1896, the new coins were worth what they professed to be. Instead of requiring the five years allotted, the change was happily accomplished in nine months. In one transaction the Government sold ten million *yen* worth of Japanese silver at Hongkong. With a masterful hand Matsukata has conducted the financial affairs during the amazing expansion of trade and commerce since the war with China. The Count writes and speaks French well. Several important volumes on financial themes are from his pen, one of which, the Report on the Adoption of the Gold Standard in Japan (in English, 1899) is not only a fine "modern instance" of the flexibility of an Asiatic nation developing its own inherent forces under Western stimulus, but is a valuable contribution to financial history.



China and France

As the rebellion in northern China was followed by demands from Russia, so the rebellion in southern China, hardly begun as yet, has been already followed by demands from France. These are but the first slight demands; it is well known that they are to be followed by other and greater requests. Tao-Mu, the new Viceroy at Canton, has been approached by the French Consul there with two demands—concessions for (1) a tramway from Canton to Heklung, and (2) a railway from Canton to Wuchau, a city of the province of Kuangsi on the navigable river Hong, nearly two hundred miles above Canton. Wuchau is the seat of a great trade. The last-named concession, therefore, would be a valuable franchise, although not so valuable as that granted to Americans to construct a railway from Canton to Hankau—a concession obtained without any "demanding." Meanwhile the Chinese rebels continue victorious. Their best-known leader is Sun-Yat-Sen, a doctor of medicine, who secured some of his education in this country. Here he became imbued with republican ideas, and on his return to China formed a

secret association to propagate them; its name was the Hing-Chung-Woy, or Chinese Progressive Society. It is said to have many adherents in this country, particularly in San Francisco. It is supposed to be really a branch of the Black Flag Society, which organized the Taiping Rebellion forty years ago.



The Young Men's Christian Association of Shanghai

The Young Men's Christian Association of Shanghai is one of the most picturesque of religious organizations, because its work is peculiarly diversified. It carries on its labors through several departments, the general foreign (consisting mostly of Americans and English), the Chinese, Japanese, and, during the past two years, a special department in the German army. The soldiers of that army in China are not yet allowed to become members of this Association, but a great many have come under its influence. The Association's work in this department is under the leadership of Herr Witt, of the University of Berlin, and a committee of German missionaries. It has the cordial indorsement of Count Schlippenbach, the Commandant. Rooms near his headquarters were secured, weekly religious meetings and Bible classes conducted, and largely attended lectures given concerning the Chinese people, their customs and country. The reason for this special work was found in the fact that the Germans have recently maintained a garrison at Shanghai, following the landing of troops by the allies there during the Boxer disturbance to insure the tranquillity of the city and surrounding territory. The Association's work for its English-speaking members consists of the usual religious meetings, lectures on various subjects, evening classes in the Chinese, Russian, and French languages, in marine engineering and stenography, and a provision for athletic wants by two tennis-courts, a bicycle club, and a football eleven. Many receptions and social gatherings have also been given in the home building, where there is dining-room and bedroom accommodation for members. The Chinese department has its own quarters, and, though the large majority of the members are not church communicants, they un-

hesitatingly intrust the direction of the Association to the Christian members. The work has been commended by the Chinese officials and merchants at Shanghai and by the native press. In a speech at the banquet of the Association, a high Chinese official declared: "Reform might be a real injury to China if she were not ready for it. The people must not expect the result of reform if they did not begin at the source. This Association lays down a broad platform in the making of character, and reformed character must be at the base of reformed government. The Association broadens the minds of young men and makes them capable of being of service to the nation. Its discussions will help to build up patriotic and good men to aid in saving China." The activities of the Chinese Association, as of the Japanese department—which also has its separate quarters—are about the same as in the other departments, except that the languages studied are English, German, and French. The total membership of the Association is nearly a thousand men. Through these thousand agents it will have an incalculable influence for good in the development of civilization in China.



**The Federated
Free Churches
of England**

The first decade of the Church Federation movement in England closed last month with the meeting of the Free Church Council at Bradford. The contrast between its thronged assemblies and the handful present at the Federation meetings in New York last January points to a difference of conditions. In England the Free Churches, as they prefer to be called instead of Dissenters or Nonconformists, have in their political and social inequality with the Established Church a peculiar motive for co-operation, which is happily wanting here. But the proceedings of the Bradford Council laid emphasis rather on the social and political responsibilities of Christian men, which are the same here as there. Embodying, as the presidential address affirmed, "the great progressive and formative strain in the history and constitution of England, that splendid element of Puritanism whose watchword had been *Righteousness* in the State, the social

system, and the home, it was for them to suffuse their national politics with the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount." Mr. Jowett, Dr. Dale's successor in Birmingham, remarked that they stood "not for parties and politics, but for the character of politicians." "We are politicians," said the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, "because we are Christians." Mr. J. Compton Rickett, a member of Parliament, expressed the fundamental idea more precisely in pointing out what is as true here as there—viz., that the churches are bound to promote public opinion in favor of social reforms, and to avail themselves of the advantages of representative government for giving effectiveness to their convictions. The special reforms emphasized as urgent were for the discouragement of gambling and intemperance, the promotion of non-sectarian education, and the decent housing of the slum population. Dr. Clifford, of London, declared that the condition of its slums—to which this country can show close parallels—was "atheism made easy and made certain." For the interests of temperance a local option law was recommended as the best at present. This note of concern for the moral soundness of social life was constantly heard throughout the long and crowded sessions of the Council, as it should be in all representative assemblies of the Church, whether federated or denominational. An echo of the "Simultaneous Mission" held a year since in many English cities was heard from Birmingham, where fourteen hundred were reported as having been brought into church membership.



Mormonism

An interesting and important statement concerning the growth of Mormonism was issued last week by the Secretaries of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Reformed, Disciple, and United Brethren Churches. They were impelled to make the statement by the activity which the Mormon system is showing. They "are persuaded that Christian people have no adequate conception of that vitality, nor of the methods . . . by which the hateful system is being pressed upon the public attention. Whatever modifications public sentiment or governmental action may have

forced upon the Mormon attitude . . . it has not essentially changed its character since the days of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. Its oligarchy threatens free government; its grasping priestcraft invades property rights, its varied vices are destructive of good morals, while its pagan doctrines are antagonistic to the Gospel of Christ." The Secretaries charge that Mormon ambition aims to secure control of State after State until, by means of the balance of power, they may make National legislation against Mormonism impossible. Their approaches to the people, add the Secretaries, are made the more seductive because their appeal affects to be based upon commonly accepted Bible truths. The Mormon hierarchy's grip on the State of Utah is unyielding; though often denied, the practice of polygamy continues, defying promises made to the Federal Government when Statehood was granted. By means of colonization Mormonism "has so affected the States of Nevada, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming, and the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, that it will soon secure practical political control in all that region." The South is also being affected; fourteen hundred of the two thousand missionaries that Mormons claim to have in the field are in those States; furthermore, the Mormons claim to have made twenty thousand converts last year. Missionaries are being established in foreign countries; at a conference recently held in Berlin a hundred and twenty-five Mormon missionaries were present, all of whom were working in Germany; they reported two thousand converts. In Scandinavia Mormons have for years been gaining a continually increasing number of converts. For these reasons the appeal urges the duty of educating the public conscience by unsparingly giving the facts concerning the nature and the work of Mormonism, a system hostile both to free political institutions and to a Christian faith.

**Social Clubs
for Railway Men**

In the current number of
"The World's Work"

Mr. M. G. Cuniff describes the manner in which the greatest workingman's club in the world does its helpful work. By this club he means the non-sectarian Railway Department of

the Young Men's Christian Association. In a thousand manufacturing and railway centers men have found outlet for their social instincts in dissipation; they had no clubs. Now, however, in these centers, the workingman's club which Mr. Cuniff describes has nearly fifty thousand members, housed in commodious buildings from Boston to San Francisco. It is combating the saloon, and puts smoking-rooms, libraries, baths, sleeping-places, and lunch-rooms at the disposal of the men who need them most. It is supported by gifts and in part by membership fees. Men of all creeds assist it; men of all creeds and of no creed belong. Roman Catholic priests, who could not be expected to sympathize with the Protestantism of the main Young Men's Christian Association organization, have heartily co-operated with the railway branches. While each branch holds religious services, no member need attend unless he wishes. The underlying idea has attracted philanthropists to such an extent that some manufacturing companies have contributed to start such clubs at their mills. Perhaps the most notable impression, however, was made on Prince Khilkov, the Russian Minister of Railways; he is now introducing this system on all the railways of the Empire. At the present time branches exist on seventenths of the railway systems of the United States and Canada, but they are encouraged by practically all the important railway men of the country. The Railway Department of the International Young Men's Christian Association is working out an extensive plan, and has successfully furthered human fellowship.



**The Churches and
the Gambling Evil**

The prevalence of gambling in various forms has moved the Congregational churches in New Jersey to a serious effort to combat and curb it. A circular prepared by their Committee on Applied Christianity has been sent out, calling attention to gambling as a flagrant evil at the door of every family, to be taken home to the conscience of every church. The committee put the question whether the time has not come to follow the precedent set by the anti-drinking pledge as a reform measure by an anti-gambling pledge. The recent meeting of the

Northern New Jersey Conference at Newark discussed the subject of "Gambling *versus* Public Morality." The responsibility of the churches for proper cognizance and action to abate the vice by political as well as private efforts was forcibly presented by Mr. Anthony Comstock, who, as Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, has fought the evil courageously for thirty years. Incidentally the disgraceful condition of things in New York, where the law is so drawn as to permit race-track gambling in defiance of the express prohibition of it in the State Constitution, was exposed. By request of the New Jersey Committee, the League for Social Service, at 287 Fourth Avenue, has prepared a penny leaflet on "The Gambling Evil."



The Jefferson
Memorial Road

At Charlottesville, Virginia, an association has been organized, with General Fitzhugh Lee as President, to construct a Memorial Avenue connecting the home and grave of Thomas Jefferson with the community so intimately associated with his fame and with the University which was always near to his heart. Many people do not realize that the founding of the University of Virginia brought greater satisfaction to the venerable statesman as he reviewed his long life than the fact that he had been Governor of his native State, or Minister to France, or Secretary of State, or President of the United States. He once wrote: "Could the dead feel any interest in monuments, the following would be to my *manes* most gratifying: 'Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.'" It is not surprising, then, that those who revere the great man choose as a memorial to him the construction of a noble avenue which shall traverse the four miles of beautiful country between the University and Jefferson's home at Monticello. Furthermore, the enterprise should also advance the movement for good roads in the United States by serving as an example for every district of the Middle Atlantic and Southern States. The Association appeals for funds; they may be sent to Mr. J. M. White, Treasurer, Charlottesville, Va.

Edward Everett Hale

Familiar is the story of the little girl who, being asked why every one loved her, replied with simplicity, "Because I love everybody." There is no living man whom this story would better fit than Edward Everett Hale. It would be difficult to name any man who has better exemplified in his spirit and by his life that faith, hope, and charity which constitute the essence of true religion, or any man who is more beloved by a greater number of friends, many of whom have never seen his face or heard his voice. He has thus unconsciously painted his own portrait in the motto which he has given to the world, for to look up and not down is faith; to look forward and not back is hope; to look out and not in and to lend a hand is love.

Dr. Hale is a man of vision. He is in the best sense of the term an idealist. If he does not live in two worlds, he brings from the invisible world its light and its warmth to irradiate the visible one. He is a man of hope, in the best sense of the term an optimist. The past is to him valuable for its sweet and sacred memories and for the lessons of life which it teaches; but he lives in the present, with his face toward the future. Because he is a man of vision, he is a man of hope. Because he is an idealist, he is an optimist. Such a man never grows old. In this spirit of idealism and optimism is the secret of perpetual youth, because the secret of unfailing cheer and courage. And he is a lover of his fellow-men, in the best sense of the term a philanthropist. There is a so-called philanthropy which does not "look out," which is founded on conscience, reinforced by self-conceit, which seeks to set the world right by compelling it to conform to the philanthropist's own conscience, which is always uncompromising, often hard, sometimes cruel. Reformers of this type have sometimes rendered the world a useful service, but they have never been loved. Dr. Edward Everett Hale has made as his motto the principle which Robert Louis Stevenson has expressed in the sentence: "One person I have to make good—myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I

may." He has been a diffuser of happiness by his own cheerful, courageous, sympathetic temper.

This spirit of faith, hope, and love, this universal good will, this idealistic, optimistic cheer, has found literary expression in a style of rare simplicity. All Edward Everett Hale's addresses are conversations with a group of friends. All his writings are letters to a group of friends. It is this quality which gives to his oratorical and literary style its peculiar and inimitable charm. Critics do not think of him as a great writer, but his friends love to read what he has written—and all the world is his friend. Critics do not think him a great orator, but his friends love to hear him talk—and all audiences are captivated by his friendly spirit. This makes him at once a most effective speaker and a most charming writer. His "Man Without a Country," "In His Name," "My Double and How He Undid Me," will live in American literature long after many more pretentious and elaborate writings have been forgotten.

Nor has his spirit found its expression only in literary forms. It has found it no less in more eloquent deeds. Of him the paradox is true, he has been without a mission, and yet his mission has been to make the world better and happier, and he has fulfilled it. Self-conceit and self-discouragement are twins, children very unlike yet born of the same parent, self-consciousness. He who is accustomed to look out, not in, has neither of these children for his companion. Dr. Edward Everett Hale is as simple and unaffected at eighty as he was at eight. Thus his life has itself been a sermon teaching us all that, though we cannot write as he writes, nor speak as he speaks, nor accomplish what he has accomplished in his marvelously busy life, we can all cultivate the spirit expressed in the motto which he has given to the world, and, in our circle and according to our ability, do something to help the man who is next to us to look up and not down, forward and not back, out and not in, and lend a hand.

When this tribute of affection to my personal friend is printed, I shall be far away upon the sea. If to any reader it seems too personal, he must remember that the frankness of Edward Everett

Hale is contagious, and one cannot write of him except with something of that candor which is so characteristic of him.

LYMAN ABBOTT.



The Steel Trust

A penetrating inquiry into the development of the United States Steel Corporation by Mr. E. S. Meade, recently published in the "Quarterly Journal of Economics," deserves the attention not only of economic students, but also of the general public, and particularly of the investing public. Mr. Meade's attitude toward this trust is distinctly critical, but, inasmuch as nearly all of the well-informed statements concerning the trust have come from its champions, a criticism equally well informed is of especial value.

Mr. Meade's first article was an account of "the genesis" of this trust. In this he brought out most sharply the fact that the Carnegie Company, in which the trust centers, gained its power by the methods of competition and not those of combination. Mr. Carnegie, he says, quoting the words of the "Iron Age," was recognized in the steel industry as "more than any other man the type of the untiring, incalculable exponent of unrestrained competition." The essential feature of the trust is the union under a single management of companies hitherto competing. The Carnegie Company, though greater in its operations than most of the trusts, was itself merely a competing unit. Its growth meant, not the lessening of competition, but the intensifying of it. Instead of its plants being scattered over two or three States like those of its trust rival, the National Steel Company, or scattered broadcast over the country like those of the American Steel and Wire Company, they were concentrated near Pittsburg within a few miles of one another—all interconnected by thirty-nine miles of railway tracks. In so far as Mr. Carnegie employed the method of combination, it was not in buying out establishments which produced just what he did, but in buying out or building establishments which produced the raw material he needed or which needed his finished product as raw material. Working along this line, he established a complete system of production from the

ore and coke with which his steel was made to the wire and springs into which it was made. Thus in the steel industry he performed a rôle similar to that of the first Vanderbilt in the railroad industry. Mr. Vanderbilt united connecting railroads into a great system; Mr. Carnegie united connecting manufacturing plants into a great system. Each secured a great fortune for himself, but neither at the public expense, because the combination of connecting roads and the combination of connecting plants, instead of lessening competition, forced other competitors to offer the public better terms.

In his financial methods Mr. Carnegie's plan was almost wholly different from that of the trusts. As he himself recently expressed it, he and his partners were not manufacturers of stocks and bonds, but simply manufacturers of steel. They had no securities on the market the price of which they were obliged to sustain in order to satisfy stockholders. The larger part of the earnings were steadily invested in bettering and extending the Company's plant. The rival trusts, on the other hand, had an enormous capitalization, on which dividends had to be kept up in order to preserve public confidence in the wisdom of their plan and management. The payment of these dividends prevented the accumulation of an adequate reserve fund, and when the Carnegie Company announced its intention of extending still further its field of work by constructing a great tube-mill to compete with the American Tube Company, the organizers of the trusts found themselves obliged either to reduce dividends and borrow large sums to sustain an industrial war, or else to buy out the Carnegie Company and avoid its competition. The latter course was chosen, and Mr. Carnegie was bought out on substantially his own terms.

The new United States Steel Corporation, which has been organized to include the Carnegie Company and the half-dozen combinations which were its chief rivals, has the advantage of the best steel plants in the world and the most capable managers. The Carnegie system of combining connecting industries—ore, coke, steel, steel rails, wire, tubing, and railroad and shipping facilities to transfer raw materials to the mills and finished product from the

mills to a favorable market—is a part of the framework upon which the new trust rests. Mr. Meade does not deny the greatness of its advantages over present and prospective competitors. Neither does he deny the exceptional wisdom of the management of the new trust in refusing to advance prices as much as the present demand for steel made possible—a course which would have stimulated the erection of other plants in competition with its own. But, in spite of all these elements of strength on the part of the new combination, Mr. Meade points out that its enormous bonded indebtedness to Mr. Carnegie—\$300,000,000 at five per cent.—and its still more enormous aggregate of preferred stock paying seven per cent. and common stock now paying four per cent., prevent this company from devoting to betterments and surplus any large share of its net earnings, even in a year of great prosperity. Mr. Meade's estimate of the probable net earnings of the new corporation—\$125,000,000 a year—are one-fourth greater than those recently reported by the Company, but even the larger sum, he insists, is an insecure foundation for the enormous capitalization of the Trust. Just now the industry is marvelously prosperous, and the steel business, in Mr. Carnegie's phrase, is always "either a prince or a pauper." The further fact, says Mr. Meade, that the trust produces everything from raw material to finished product makes its profits exceptionally great in a season of rising prices. It buys almost no materials from other producers, and as the running expenses of a manufacturing company increase but little in time of prosperity, the United States Steel Corporation has naturally had greater gains than manufacturing firms which have been paying a great deal more for their raw materials as well as getting a great deal more for their finished product. But this source of advantage for the United States Steel Corporation in a season of prosperity must prove a handicap when the next period of falling prices sets in. In such seasons ordinary manufacturers have a partial offset for the fall in the prices they get for their product in the fall in the prices they pay for their materials. As the United States Steel Corporation buys almost no materials, this offset will not be

available to sustain profits in a season of depression.

Such at least is Mr. Meade's argument. Whether it is valid or not only time can determine. It is certainly not the function of a general newspaper to forecast the prospective profits of business enterprise, and particularly of an enterprise demanding technical knowledge. It is, however, of importance that the general public should consider the possibilities of loss as well as the possibilities of gain connected with the new system of industrial organization. There was a time, as we have before recalled, when the investing public thought that joint-stock companies offered a sure road to business success, but it afterwards learned to its cost that joint-stock companies, as much as individual firms, need to be managed with skill and judgment, or failure is equally inevitable. For two or three years past there has been a popular belief that the organization of joint-stock companies into trusts offered a sure road to business success. Mr. Meade's history of the competition between the Carnegie Company and the various trusts opposed to it indicates that the combination of widely scattered plants does not of itself guarantee success, and the prospect is that the future will demonstrate that trusts, quite as much as joint-stock companies, must depend for their profits, not upon the method of their organization, but upon the skill of their management.



Cecil Rhodes

The old phrase, "Neither to weep nor to laugh, but to understand," might well be modified to read, "Neither to praise nor to condemn, but to understand," in the case of such a man as Cecil Rhodes. Those who set him on a pedestal as a type of the great modern man, and those who regard him as entirely without scruples and utterly selfish, are equally wide of the mark. Cecil Rhodes was from many points of view a very unusual figure; and neither his character nor his career is susceptible of easy explanation. He belongs in the large group of men of mixed motives and confused ideals; and the balance between good and evil in his case cannot be struck for a long time to come. Those who hold that, under the

law of ethics, no race can travel outside the territory which it has acquired, and that every people, however low they may be in the scale of civilization, have a natural right to build a wall around themselves in order to shut out all foreign influences, and must be left in their isolation, will easily dispose of Cecil Rhodes. The energy of his whole nature and the activity of his whole life were in flat contravention of this view, which The Outlook believes to be ethically untrue and historically impossible.

Three elements must be taken into account if one is to interpret Mr. Rhodes. He came at a time when, as in the sixteenth century, the tide of vital energy was at its flood, and the dominant races were making their way to the ends of the earth in search of fresh soil and new opportunities; not simply for trade reasons, but as an outlet for the force within them which always must have some kind of expression. Coming from the England of this aggressive period, a man of action among a race of actors, Cecil Rhodes's life was spent in a country just passing out of the period of barbarism through the earlier stages of civilization. That means remoteness from the organized influences of higher civilized communities, from regularity of life, from modifying and shaping forces which control, direct, and soften the primitive passions and aims of men.

An aggressive man in a continent from which the veil was just being lifted, Cecil Rhodes saw, as other men saw, the chances of great wealth, but he saw what other men did not see—the immense importance of Africa in the commercial world of the future, and especially to the overcrowded country at home. He was not only a man of action, but of imagination. An Oxford student, broken in health, he came to South Africa at the very moment when the value of that country for trade and for settlement became clear to a far-seeing man like himself. He came also at the moment when it was possible, as often happens in new and rich countries, to make a fortune with great rapidity. He set himself to make the fortune, but he was not a fortune-hunter. He was not a lover of money for its own sake; he had very little in common with the type of man

represented by Barney Barnato. He needed money as an instrument to carry out his great plans. Early in his career he conceived the plan of making a new empire in Africa. The extension of British authority over Bechuanaland, in which he was largely instrumental, was part of that scheme; the acquisition of Mashonaland and Matabeleland, which now constitute the vast section known as Rhodesia, was his work, and marked another step in the carrying out of that scheme. It was he who saw the vast importance of the railroad from Cairo to the Cape; and when the road is finished, it will be one of the monuments of his far-sightedness. He has often been called an empire-builder in derision; he was an empire-builder in fact. Other men were working in sections of South Africa for immediate profit; he dealt with the continent as a whole, and in its relations, not only to the British Empire, but to the great commercial development of the future which he foresaw. Between such a man and the type of man represented by the Boer a life-and-death struggle was inevitable; but in justice to Mr. Rhodes it ought to be said that he believed in conciliation rather than in force; that his kindness to the natives won their affection and their confidence, and that in statesmanship and in business alike he was a man who built along large lines in a constructive spirit, and not simply as a money-getter striving to make the most for himself in the shortest possible time.

In carrying out his schemes there is no question that Cecil Rhodes used such means as came to hand; that he made serious blunders of judgment and was guilty of serious offenses against good morals. His connection with the Jameson raid showed a singular lack of foresight, and was a breach of international morals. He yielded to the temptation which very few men have successfully resisted—the temptation which comes to a man of a more intelligent and powerful race dealing with subject or less intelligent peoples. He also yielded to the temptations which come to a man of his temper far removed from home influences and dealing with semi-barbarous conditions. The balance between the good he did in opening and organizing a continent, developing it for pur-

poses of commerce, penetrating it with lines of communication, bringing it more effectively within the arena of the productive continents, and the evil which he wrought by his lack of a keen sense of justice and a sharp sense of responsibility for the application of the higher standards which were familiar to him, however unfamiliar they may have been to the men about him, must be struck in the future; it is enough here to emphasize both sides of his life. That he was unscrupulous is beyond question, but he was not merely a money-getter. He was not consumed with selfishness; he was not dominated by the lust of greed. He had great ideas which were not for himself alone; he had great conceptions which he partially succeeded in working out, and which are to be worked out in the future. The fact that he had planned to build a university in South Africa, and that, if reports are to be trusted, he has left a great fortune for educational purposes, must be taken into account as interpreting the man's nature and aims.

Cecil Rhodes was a man of the sixteenth century living in and working in the nineteenth century; a man who embodied again the energy, the vitality, the audacity, the patriotic purpose, the unscrupulousness, of Drake and Raleigh, and whose work was done in a part of the world that was in the same stage of development as that through which the New World was passing in the time of Drake and Raleigh. Their virtues are his virtues, their faults are his faults; but, unlike Drake and Raleigh, Cecil Rhodes had been bred in the standards of the nineteenth century and was judged by those standards. A sixteenth-century man, Cecil Rhodes must conform to nineteenth-century standards. By those standards he had great and serious failings. He is not to be accepted as one of the high types of the men of his period; his example is not to be held up as a model for the young men of our time; but it is idle to deny the great qualities which he possessed, or to ignore the great work which he did and which is likely to remain as his monument. He was an idealist, although his ideals were not of the highest; he was a dreamer in spite of his immense practical activities; he had great aims though he was not choice in his use of means to secure them,

The Law Within

Where shall we look for the final authority to guide our conduct and shape our lives? Shall we look to some body of divinely equipped men, selected for their learning, their scholarship, their devotion—that is, to the Church? Shall we look to some specially endowed prophets of the past, to whom God has given a clearer vision of truth and duty or a power of clearer expression than to most—that is, to the Bible? Is there in one or the other an infallible and inerrant guide, whose counsels we may accept without question, whose guidance we may follow blindly? It would often be a comfort to think so. For then we could dismiss the moral anxieties of life—and are not these the greatest anxieties to all conscientious souls?—and give ourselves to other and lesser problems, or to a life free from all concern.

Not so does the Father mean that his children shall live. He throws us back upon ourselves and compels us to think for ourselves, bids us look within ourselves to find the star by which we must make our daily reckoning. How radical were those ancient Hebrew prophets, anticipating the most daring thoughts of the most daring thinkers of this most daring age! Thus one of those old Hebrew prophets answers the question the mere presentation of which has rent the Church in twain:

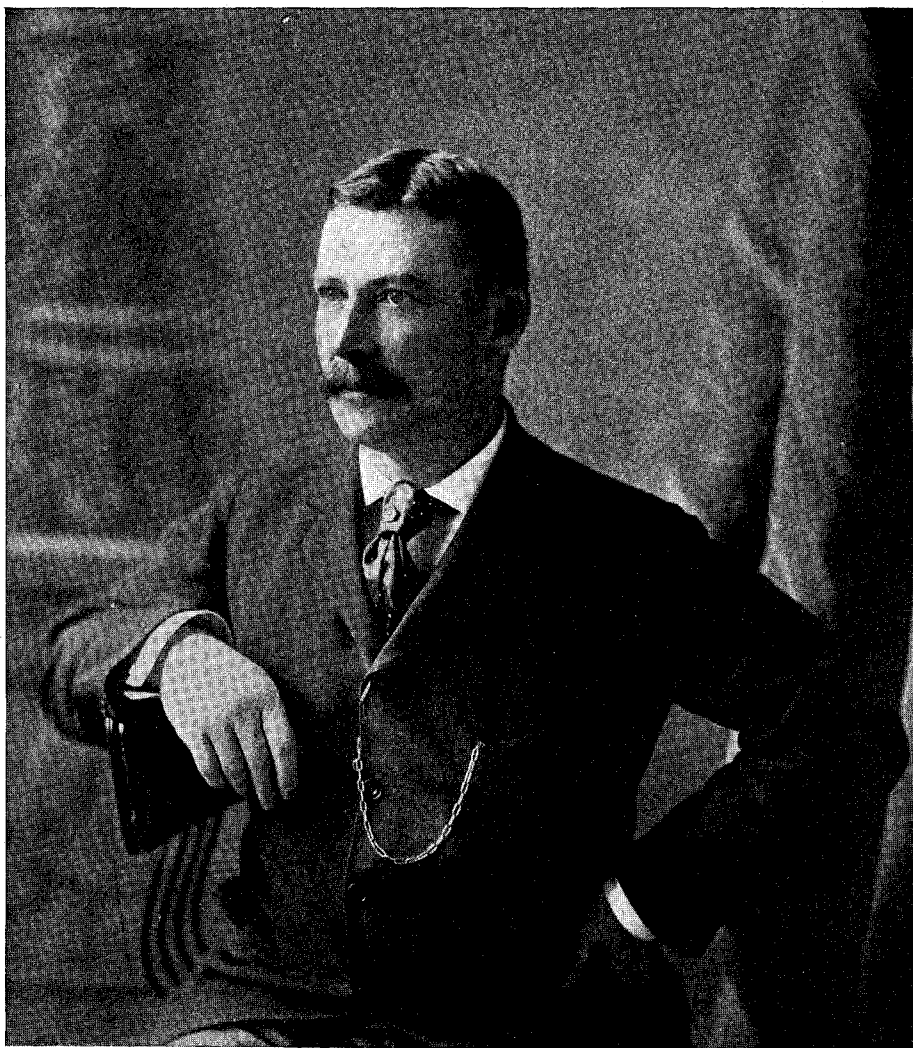
For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not too hard for thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear it, that we may do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear it, that we may do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.¹

The law of God is within; the word of prophet or of Church is authoritative only because the voice within recognizes and responds thereto. The Ten Commandments bid us reverence God, honor our parents, respect the rights of our neighbor to his person, his property, his family, and his reputation; and the universal conscience responds, That is right. The Master bids us not to indulge in causeless anger, or lustful imaginations, or idle

words; and the universal conscience says again, That is right. It is the voice of the conscience within which gives authority to the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. It is because the Church interprets, as does no other living institution, the confused murmur of voices within men that it has authority. It is because the Bible interprets these voices as no other literature has ever done, and wakens them to speak their mandates, that the Bible has authority. It is because Christ knew what was in men and heard beneath the clamor of man's greed and self-seeking the still, small voice, and made man stop and listen to it, that he spake with authority.

Would the legislator have the laws which he frames authoritative? He must so frame them that they will accord with the commandment as it is written in the heart of the people. When self-interest disregards this inner law, and frames a statute to favor the few at the expense of the many, it arouses just resistance. When radicalism disregards this inner law, and frames a statute according to the radical's self-will, the statute arouses fierce resentment or remains idle and unenforced. Would the teacher solve the perpetual problem of discipline? He must so adjust his rules and their enforcement that the as yet imperfectly developed conscience of his pupil will see their justice because their conformity to his own sense of right and wrong. Would the preacher speak with an authority which will both charm and coerce? He must know how much of the divine law is written, though in invisible ink, in the hearts and consciences of his congregation, and must so present both law and Lawgiver that his auditors will respond with a silent Amen. Would the parent so guide and direct his child that presently the child can guide and direct himself? He must understand the child's conscience and train it to an ever larger vision and more self-enforcing authority. "The word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it." He who disobeys the law of God disobeys the law of his own nature, runs counter to his own instincts, puts himself at variance with himself. He who would obey the law of God must first learn to read that law within his own soul,

¹ Deuteronomy xxx., 11-14.



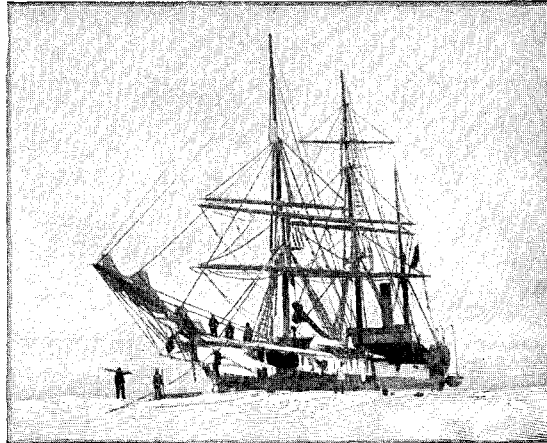
PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON

The New Secretary of the Navy

The Hon. William H. Moody, who succeeds Secretary Long as the head of the Navy Department, has a reputation of more than local or State extent as a man of intense energy, strong conviction, and unquestioned public spirit. Mr. Moody, like the President and Secretary Long, is a Harvard graduate. He is about forty-eight years of age, a citizen of Massachusetts, and until 1895 his career was that of a rising lawyer and a successful District Attorney. In the year just named he was elected to Congress to fill a vacancy, and has regularly been re-elected since that time. He was very soon chosen to serve on the Appropriations Committee, and has been notably active and efficient in this important work. Mr. Moody has had special training in naval affairs in connection with his labors on the Appropriation Committee, and also as a member of the Committee on Insular Affairs. He is a clear and scholarly speaker, has been decidedly well liked by his fellow-Congressmen, and his choice for a Cabinet position has been unanimously accepted as thoroughly good in every way.



A DANGEROUS CLIMB IN VICTORIA LAND
M. Borchgrevink in a climb for safety of 5,000 feet.



THE SOUTHERN CROSS

FARTHEST SOUTH

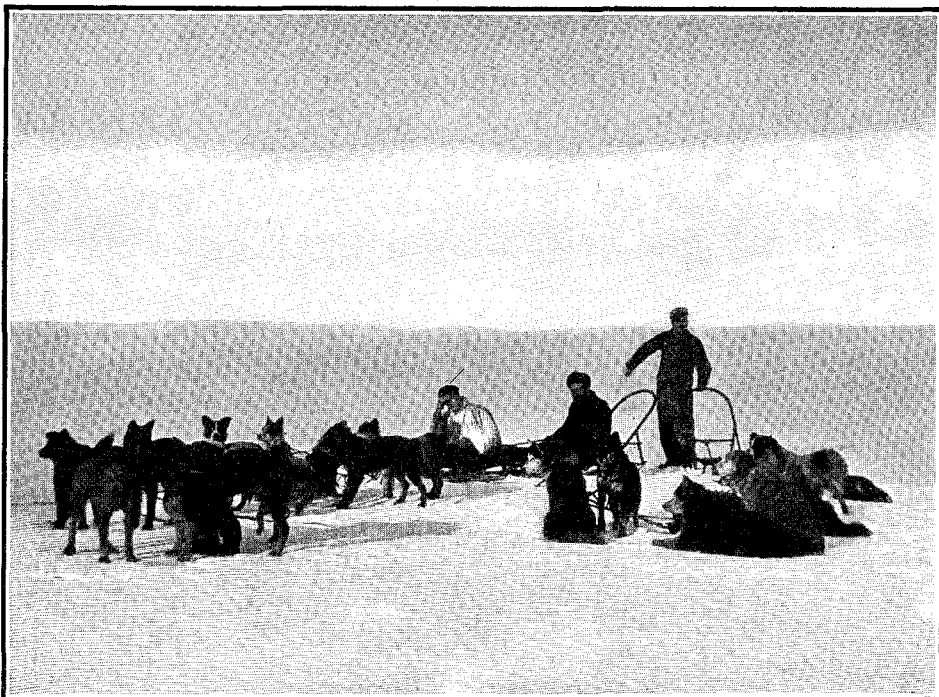
BY C. E. BORCHGREVINK

Commander of the Antarctic Expedition of 1898

IT is clear that all the work, all the energy, spent in the Arctic region does not acquire its full value until similar observation is also made within the Antarctic Circle. In this really lies a great part of the value of Antarctic exploration. It is unnecessary here to touch upon the desire in man to increase his own knowledge and that of his fellow-men—a desire which has existed as far back as history goes. Although undoubtedly it was the spirit of gain which, to a large degree, directed the movements of the Norwegian Vikings, just as surely was it also a spirit of curiosity of the noblest kind, or rather a hunger for knowledge of regions which they had not seen. As Arctic exploration stands to-day, we know much more about the territory within the Arctic Circle than we do about that in the Antarctic. This is natural, as the territory within the Arctic Circle lies so much nearer the heart of civilization, to Europe and the United States. It is otherwise in the south. The people who first inhabited South America, Africa, and the Australian Archipelago were emigrants, who came to countries in which they intended to make their future homes, so that they had neither the means nor the inclination to set out towards the south beyond the “roaring forties” towards the ice-bound

shores of the great Antarctic continent. Immediate gain in the countries where they landed was naturally their first thought. The new countries they invaded were rich. These facts explain in part the late invasion of the land around the southern pole.

Probably the first man who saw the Antarctic continent was Captain James Cook, who in 1772 first sighted land towards the east of Cape Horn. He reached latitude $71^{\circ} 10'$ south, in longitude $106^{\circ} 54'$ west, where he sighted the great ice-barrier which forms the seaward boundary of the Antarctic continent. Speaking of these discoveries, Sir James Clark Ross says: “I confidently believe that the enormous mass of ice which bounded his view when at his extreme south latitude was a range of mountainous land covered with snow.” In 1819 William Smith, in the brig William, discovered the archipelago of the South Shetlands, south of Cape Horn. From 1820 to 1823 Weddell visited the South Shetlands, including the active volcano “Bridgeman.” Powell, the discoverer of the South Orkneys, visited the volcanic island of Bridgeman in 1822. Weddell, who visited it in the following year, estimated its height at about four hundred feet. Weddell penetrated to 74° in 1823, thus



THE DOGS AND SLEDGES

attaining a higher latitude than Captain Cook, but he saw no land anywhere in that neighborhood. In 1831 Biscoe, in the brig *Tula*, discovered Enderby Land. In 1839 Balleny discovered Balleny Island, a volcano 12,000 feet high. In 1839 the important French expedition under Dumont d'Urville explored the South Shetlands. In 1840 Commander Wilkes, in the United States corvet *Vincennes*, discovered Wilkesland. However, up to 1841 little was done in mapping the outlines of this continent, which slowly began to draw the attention of the civilized world.

Sir James Clark Ross, in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror* expedition, then sighted the land which he from a distance christened South Victoria Land. It was a great achievement for his two vessels, with the aid of sails only, to penetrate the Antarctic ice-pack and reach as far as 78° south—a record which remained for over half a century unbeaten, until I myself in 1900 went beyond his farthest south and traveled, by the help of dogs and sledges, on the top of the great barrier, which up to then had been considered unsurmountable. Then several expeditions were fitted out which certainly brought

back very valuable scientific results in the way of collections and ordinary observations from the high seas, but failed to add materially to our geographical knowledge of the Antarctic continent.

In 1894 I visited for the first time the ice-bound shore of South Victoria Land, and the result of my work in that year, which I had the honor of laying before the International Geographical Congress, assembled in London in the Imperial Institute, was very well received, and a unanimous resolution was adopted after my lecture to the effect that further exploration of the Antarctic continent was the greatest work yet to be undertaken, and that it ought to be carried out before the close of the century. This I succeeded in doing, and for the first time in the world's history man invaded the last unexplored continent on the globe. It is clear that the most sanguine could not have expected to hear that new peoples, with a history of their own, should be found living as natives of these southern shores. The latitudes in the south are relatively much colder than those in the north—principally because of the lack of the warm currents in the southern hemisphere which are found in the northern. I will

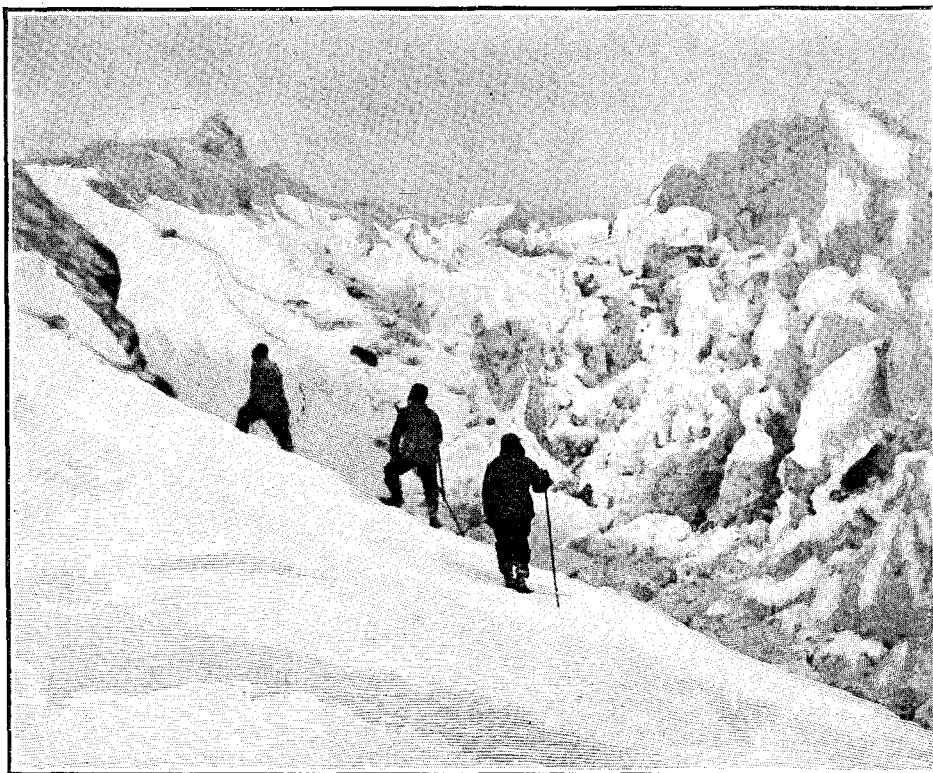
here only mention the Gulf current on the northern hemisphere, without the influence of which the climate of Norway, for instance, certainly would be very inhospitable.

It is interesting to note that the northern boundary of the Antarctic continent is not farther south of the equator than is the northern part of Norway north of the equator, and still it has been left to this century to solve the pioneer work in those southern lands. In the north of Norway trees up to thirty feet in height are of course found. At Cape Adair, in South Victoria Land, situated in $71^{\circ} 18'$ south, the highest vegetation is reindeer moss, the largest lichen there. This, of course, speaks for itself about the climatic conditions. The lowest temperature that I registered in South Victoria Land, during over a year, was minus 52° , or 84° of frost.

There are those who think it possible that the land sighted at distances around the southern pole might be only islands, and that a continuous sheet of ice is connecting them—a theory which I can-

not accept. The nature of the rocks collected there, the elevations and the soundings near the shore, all speak of the presence of a continent. Theory alone should make us expect the presence of a continent. On the northern hemisphere, we already know, much more land exists than in the southern, and if we should not find a large accumulation of land around the southern pole, I do not see how the equilibrium of the globe could be kept up. In this connection I may say that some prominent men expressed their surprise, on the return of Dr. Nansen with the Fram expedition, that he had found very deep water on his farthest north. I could not entertain such surprise. I think it was a thing to be expected. According to the necessity of the equilibrium of the earth being established, I think my expectation was justified, as even the seas between the southern continents and the Antarctic continent have very great depth.

One of the greatest discoveries of my expedition was undoubtedly the discovery of the shallow-water fauna, near the coast



OVER THE GREAT GLACIER

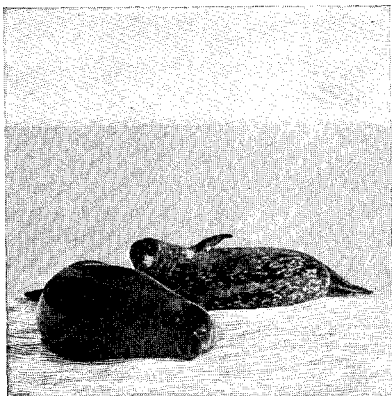
of the Antarctic continent. Quite contrary to the expectation of the scientific world, I discovered a very rich life in shallow water, including more than eleven absolutely new kinds of fish, numerous starfish and jellyfish—one of the latter weighing over ninety pounds, a specimen which even in warmer climates would have been remarkable. I am pleased to say that we succeeded in preserving that specimen, and brought it back in good condition to London, where it is now being examined at the Natural History Museum of South Kensington; the Museum is about to publish a volume on my collections.

Seals were about, both summer and winter; not, however, in great multitude. Never were the Antarctic seals seen to congregate together in such great multitude in the south as do the seals in the north. Within the coast line no mammals were found. This fact, of course, hampers traveling on the Antarctic continent, and makes sledge journeys very risky and troublesome, as every particle of food must be brought on sledges. There are no white bears, no reindeer, no musk-oxen, no polar foxes, to help the Arctic traveler when his food supply has run out. Then, again, the heavy Antarctic gales that blow so frequently delay the traveler. During more than twenty-six per cent. of the days we spent on the Antarctic continent we experienced gales of over forty miles an hour, and some of the gales had a velocity of more than one hundred miles an hour. It is clear that in those regions, during such gales, it is not only difficult to move, but difficult to exist. The traveler must camp, lie idle, use his food supply out of proportion to the distance he travels. Thus, I do not think it safe for a traveler with sledges in South Victoria Land to start on an expedition without at least double the quantity of food that he would have to take within the Arctic Circle for the purpose of traveling a certain distance.

Then, again, the elevation is notable, peaks reaching 14,000 feet above the sea, while mighty glaciers descend by a very steep gradient towards the sea. The glaciers are cut through by yawning crevasses, ready to devour any careless traveler who ventures upon them. One of my Norwegian Laps once fell headlong into one of these crevasses. He fell sixty

feet, and was then jammed at a narrow place in the crevasse. Had he fallen a little more to the right of where he was, he would undoubtedly have been lost. These glaciers are, in my opinion, nothing more or less than mighty rivers draining the vast ice-fields which cover the land. I mean to say that the glaciers within the Antarctic as well as within the Arctic regions take the place of rivers in warmer lands. Many suggestions have been made as to the thickness of this ice cover. I do not think that, as an average, it is much more than fifty feet on the big flats, but undoubtedly tremendous ice masses accumulate in the glacier beds in the same way as does the water in river beds. The fact that ice descends towards the sea only comparatively very slowly, rubbing over the uneven rocks, makes the ice heap together for thousands of feet. The icebergs discharged from the glaciers show this of themselves. The highest I have seen was about three hundred feet, but, according to the specific gravity of sea ice, they extend below water in a proportion of more than eight to one. Thus, an iceberg three hundred feet high would have a depth of twenty-four hundred feet. This ice forming the bulk of the iceberg has been formed, then, under very great pressure. The new ice, formed through snowfall on the top of the glacier, is very easily distinguished on the icebergs. It is just as hard as is the under ice or the glacier ice, although of quite different appearance.

The steep gradient by which the Antarctic glaciers descend to the sea, of course, causes a greater discharge of icebergs than in the north at places where the glacier beds have a less strong fall. I have myself watched the discharge of an iceberg in the Antarctic. It was as interesting as it was dangerous to those who saw it. It was at the foot of Mount Terror, in February, 1900. I saw a dark bare rock protruding into the sea eastward from the volcano Terror. I was on board the vessel at the time; and, the weather being fine, I determined to investigate the rocks, and if possible to make a landing, especially with the view to securing geological specimens. I had a boat put out, took with me Captain Jensen, Lieutenant Colbeck, and two sailors, leaving the vessel about a mile out at sea. We reached the foot of the dark rock which rose perpen-



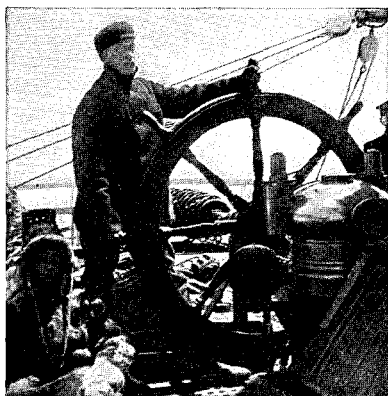
SEALS ON THE ICE



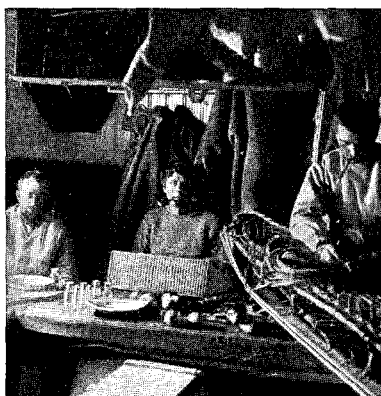
WHERE A FALSE STEP MEANT DEATH



CAMP RIDLEY AND THE FIRST FLAG EVER HOISTED
ON THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT



AT THE WHEEL OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS



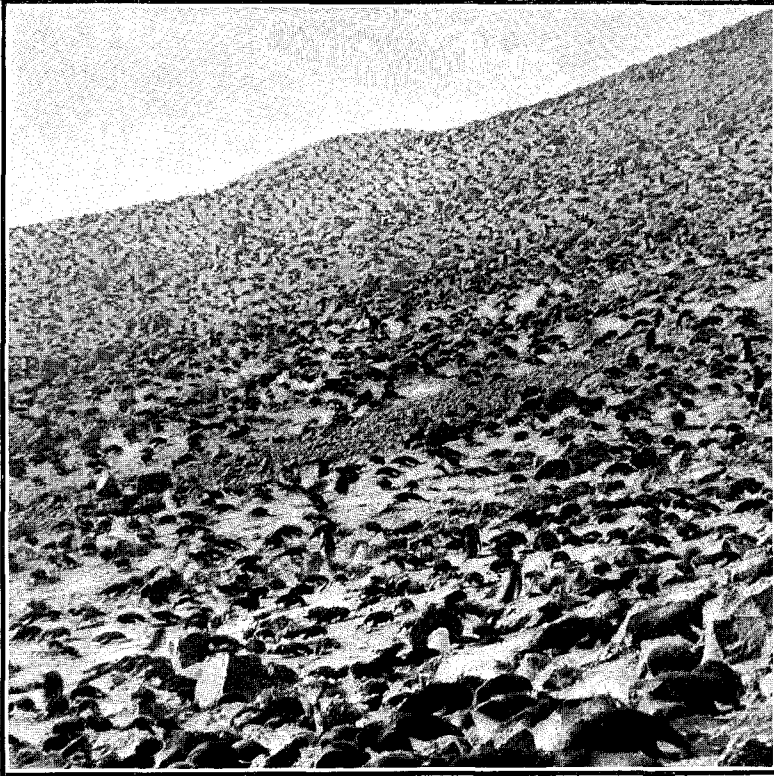
IN CAMP RIDLEY

A GROUP OF ANTARCTIC SCENES

dicularly to a height of about five hundred feet, and above that again rose the conical top of the volcano Terror to the height of ten thousand feet above this dark rock. I discovered a small beach immediately at the foot of the perpendicular cliff. The beach was in a crescent form, four feet at its highest point, formed by the projection

alone by us on the beach, but by Lieutenant Colbeck and the sailors in the returning boat, as well as by the entire staff and crew on board the Southern Cross.

The immediate thought which came to Jensen and myself was that the perpendicular rocks above us were falling upon us. We leaned back and looked and won-



A PART OF THE PENGUIN COLONY IN THE SPRING

of porous rocks. We managed to land with some difficulty, owing to the heavy surf which even in calm weather is raging at the coast of the Antarctic continent. After having secured some rocks, I found the locality so interesting that I decided to send the boat on board the vessel to secure a camera—a risk which I frankly confess I should not have taken—while I remained myself with Captain Jensen on the small beach. Lieutenant Colbeck had been on board, had returned to his boat, and was on the way back to the small beach where Captain Jensen and I were waiting. Then a display of singular grandeur and awe took place. A roar and a rush, with sounds in between like tremendous explosions, were heard, not

dered. Then we realized suddenly what was taking place. The mighty glacier immediately to the west of us was giving birth to an iceberg. Millions of tons of ice rushed into the ocean. For a moment we could see nothing beyond an immense rolling cloud of snow. Then the water which rose from the plunge of this Antarctic monarch appeared. What I feared was the result of this plunge. I sang out to Captain Jensen, "Now we shall have to face the wave." Jensen was pale but determined. Spontaneously we rushed to the highest point of our limited beach, some four feet above the sea. The snow-cloud had settled by this time, and what we saw advancing on to us was a dark green ridge with a white crest.

I must confess that I never was more sure that all was up with us. Was this the end of it? The end of what? The end only of two lives. And in a second the past, from my childhood, was before me—its pleasures, its sorrows, its failures and successes. I called to Captain Jensen to struggle for dear life. We were close to each other at the time, clutching on to the

uneven basaltic rocks, with our sides or rather our backs towards the rapidly advancing column of raging water. Although it could not have taken more than at the most seven minutes before it struck us, the time seemed very long before the water closed over our heads. And I well remember that I actually only wished to begin the struggle as the white grinding teeth on the top of the wave came towards us. Immediately to our right a small peninsula of ice protruded some five feet from the rock, while the rock itself towards the west had just a perceptible bend. It was these two facts which saved us. The wave seemed, from the moment it first struck the curve of the mountain rock to the west of us, to take a course with its highest crest somewhat more easterly than where Jensen and I

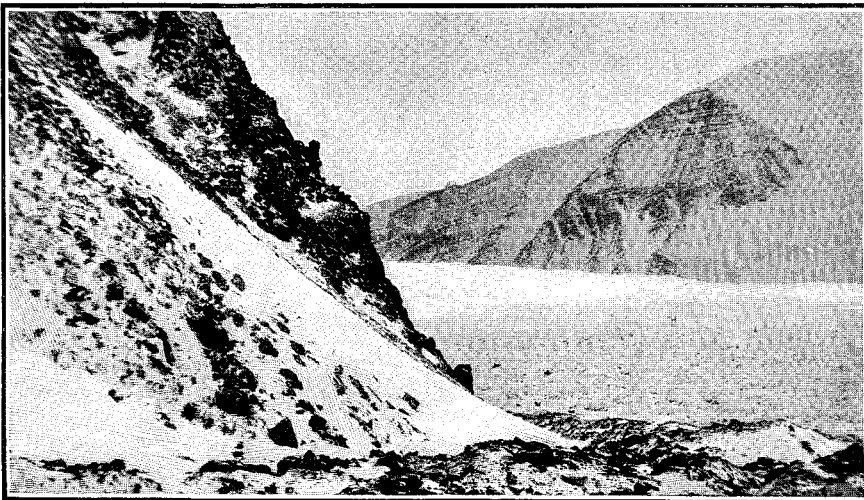


ON SKIS
Bringing in Penguins.

stood. This was all we saw. Then a sudden hard blow on the chest drove us up against the rock. Floating upwards, scrambling on to the rocks, I tore the nails from my flesh in my endeavor to keep from being dragged out. The first wave was the worst. After the second we again felt the rocks under our feet, or rather under our knees, as we were kneeling at the time. But even the

succeeding five or six waves were very strong, and it was difficult to resist the suction when they retreated. At the place where Captain Jensen and I first stood the rock was wet twenty feet above our heads. It was somewhat lower where it struck us. Where the wave had struck with full force the face of the rock had been altered, and rocks were still falling when Lieutenant Colbeck and the two sailors found us. We were both of us bleeding freely, and I think we must have had a strange appearance, torn and wet as we were. Lieutenant Colbeck had with great difficulty saved his boat from being swamped, and he had not expected to find us alive; while the Southern Cross, a bark of 521 tons, was heaving heavily during the rush of the waves caused by the plunge of the iceberg.

It is with more than one purpose that I



THE END OF A MORaine IN GIKIE LAND

here relate this incident. One is that I hope that it will be, to those who are going to follow in my wake, a warning against approaching the mouth of a glacier without the greatest caution. I ought to mention that, shortly before I determined to land on the small beach, just before the discharge of the iceberg, we had blown our steam whistle for the sake of hearing an echo. I recalled this fact to my mind a day or two after the incident, and I really do think that the vibration caused by the sound may have hurried on the discharge of the iceberg, although it of course must needs have been almost loose and ready to fall at the time.

Those new expeditions which are going southwards will have to choose with judgment a place for wintering with their ships. There are enough hospitable-looking bays—surrounded, however, most of them by glaciers—but as the ships will be frozen in, they must be sure either to get out early the next spring or to lie at anchor at places where icebergs may not plunge on to them and crush their vessels.

The expedition under Commander Scott is the one which is going to follow in my wake. I do not myself think that in the fauna they will discover new species; but I believe that in geographical respects they will be able to widen our knowledge, having, as they will have, my experience and my maps. I think, also, that they will succeed in penetrating farther south than I have been, as the traveling on the great ice-barrier is easy.

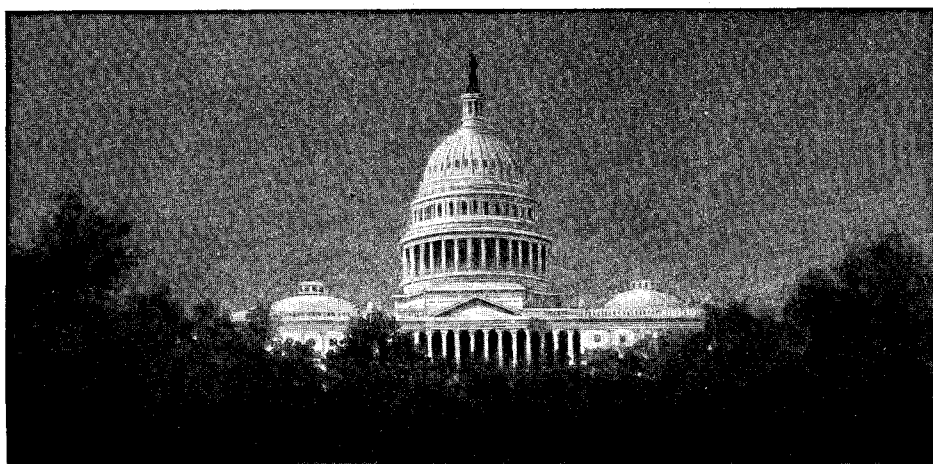
The German expedition under Drygalsky, in command of the polar vessel Gauss, has, I think, perhaps a more interesting and more important work before it, as it is to visit a locality which is practically unknown. As far as I know Drygalsky's plans, he intends to use Kerguelen Island, towards the southeast of the Cape of Good Hope, as a base for his operations. Kerguelen in itself commands very great interest. There are the sea elephants, whose nature and habits are practically unknown. Then, again, the magnetic conditions of the Antarctic continent to the south of Kerguelen must present features of vast importance relating to our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism.

Then we have also the expedition under my friend Otto Nordenskjöld, who, I hope and believe, will come back with results worthy of his previous career and worthy of the name he bears.

The expedition under William Bruce, who is just now fitting out in Scotland, will undoubtedly be of great importance. He has the advice of Sir John Murray, and splendid men have been selected and the best of outfit has been secured. They will, I understand, investigate the region to the south of the place where the Belgica wintered, and will, if possible, co-operate in a way with the other expeditions.

These four expeditions will without doubt widen our geographical knowledge, even if discoveries of sensational nature do not result.





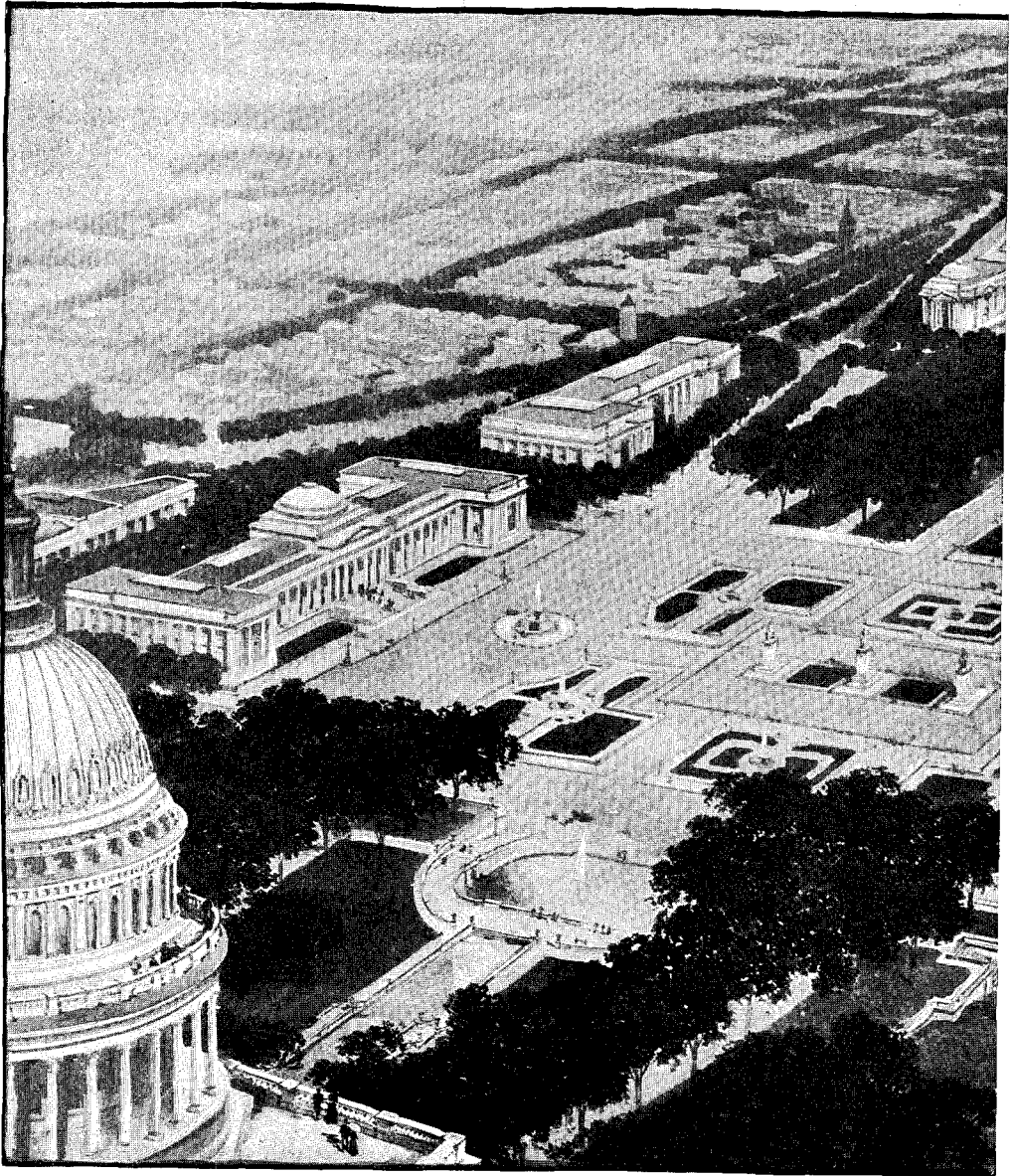
WASHINGTON FIFTY YEARS HENCE

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

WHEN Mr. Bryce rewrites his "American Commonwealth," perhaps he will omit his chapter on "The Absence of a Capital in the United States." The city of Washington, it is true, will hardly ever realize the first part of Mr. Bryce's definition—"By a capital I mean a city which is not only the seat of political government, but also, by the size, wealth, and character of its population, the head and center of the country, a leading seat of commerce and industry, a reservoir of financial resources." As Thomas Jefferson prophesied that Norfolk would be the greatest American seaport, so George Washington thought that the new national city would be both a political and a commercial capital, that it would be an inner gateway from Chesapeake Bay, and a distributing center of trade to the great West. Provisional in many things, in this Washington missed his calculation; the city named for him has become well-nigh the one American town which is not "a center of trade." To this fact may be due the other, that there the contrasts between poverty and wealth are not so extreme as in most American communities. On the other hand, Washington will undoubtedly before long fully answer to the latter part of Mr. Bryce's definition—"the

ful, the spot in which the chiefs of the learned professions are found, where the most potent and the most widely read journals are published, whither men of literary and scientific capacity are drawn." Indeed, owing to the increasingly valuable collections in the various public departments, it is already one of the scientific foci of our country, and this has lately been impressively emphasized by the incorporation of that intellectual clearing-house called the Carnegie Institution. This institution has a future great beyond its tentative plan, just as Washington's æsthetic future now looms large with hitherto undreamed-of possibilities.

The extension of the Treasury Building, quite closing a carefully planned vista of the White House, was followed some years ago by a similar injury in the construction of the State, War, and Navy Buildings, and latterly the Capitol itself has been partially concealed by the Congressional Library. All of these structures are so many mutilations of the plan of radial avenues upon which the public buildings depend for their enhancement and true effect. Hence, among other protests, an article in the Boston "Architectural Review" appeared six years ago, calling attention to the unity, dignity, and beauty of the original plan for the building of Washington, and urging a return



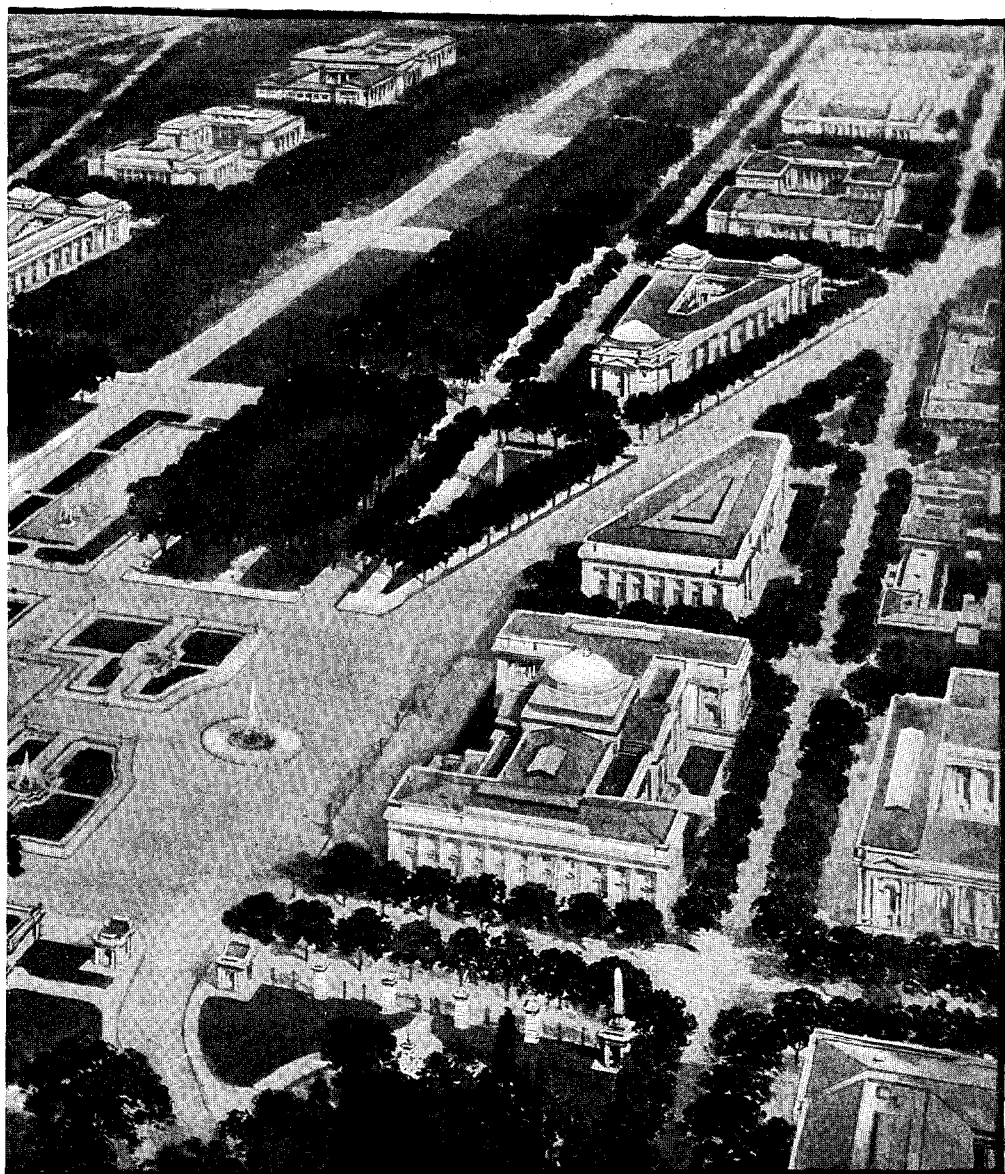
PROPOSED TREATMENT OF THE SQUARE

to the principles therein contained. The writer was Mr. Glenn Brown, a Washington architect of standing and of scholarly attainments, the historian of the Capitol and Secretary of the Institute of American Architects. He also contributed another article on this subject to the same review, preceding the Institute's Convention of 1900, an event coinciding with the centenary of the removal of the seat of government to the District of Columbia. This anniversary called National attention

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to the series of papers read at the Convention on the subject of the capital's adornment. On the strength of all this a bill was presented to Congress, and the Senate, by resolution, authorized the District of Columbia Committee to appoint a Park Commission. Mr. Brown was one of the committee from the Institute to name the Commission which was appointed by the Senate.

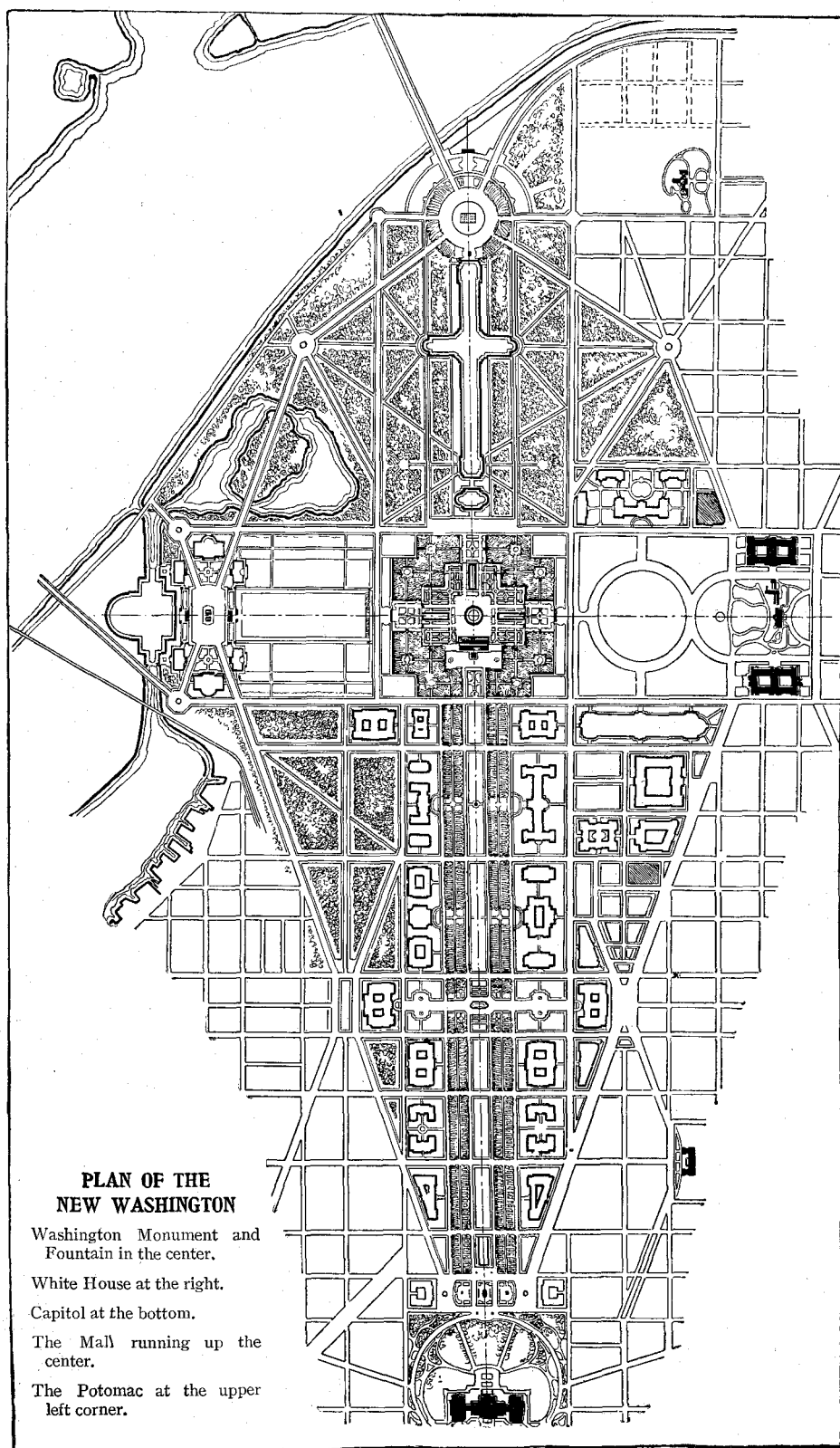
The appointees were Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., of Brookline, Mass., the emi-

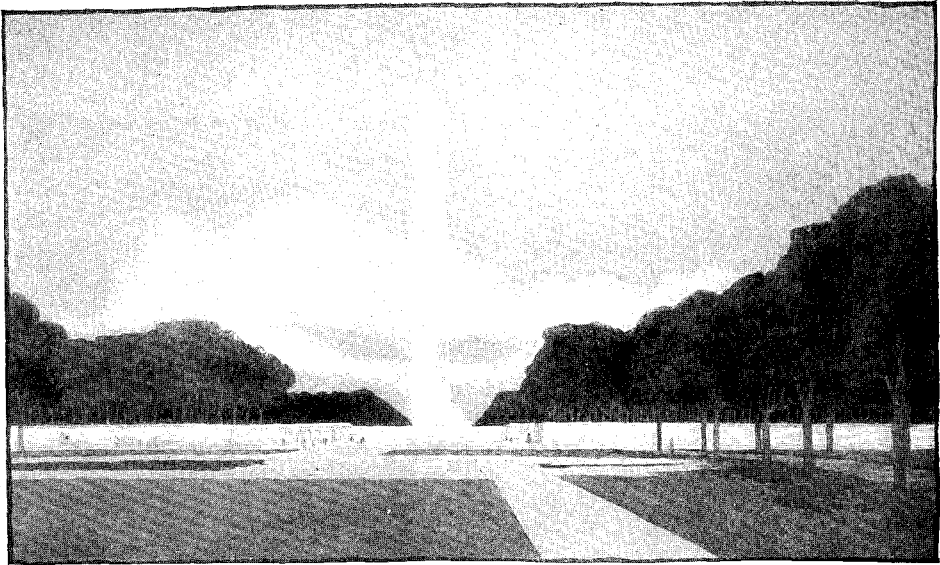


AT THE HEAD OF THE MALL

nent authority in landscape gardening, and Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, the distinguished Chicago architect. They were charged to submit plans for the improvement of the District of Columbia commensurate with the dignity and resources of the American Nation. With the approval of the Senate Committee, Messrs. Olmsted and Burnham invited the assistance of Mr. Charles F. McKim, of the famous firm of McKim, Mead & White, and Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, perhaps our great-

est sculptor. The high professional standing of these men insures respect for their recommendations. Especially does the work which they did together at the Chicago Fair insure respect. Their monumental and unified achievement was a dramatic revelation of æsthetic and spiritual strength, the exquisite outward sign of an inward grace. Let such men, therefore, create a new White City, not like that at Chicago, the poetry of which was emphasized by the fact that it appeared





WASHINGTON MONUMENT, WITH THE CAPITOL IN THE DISTANCE

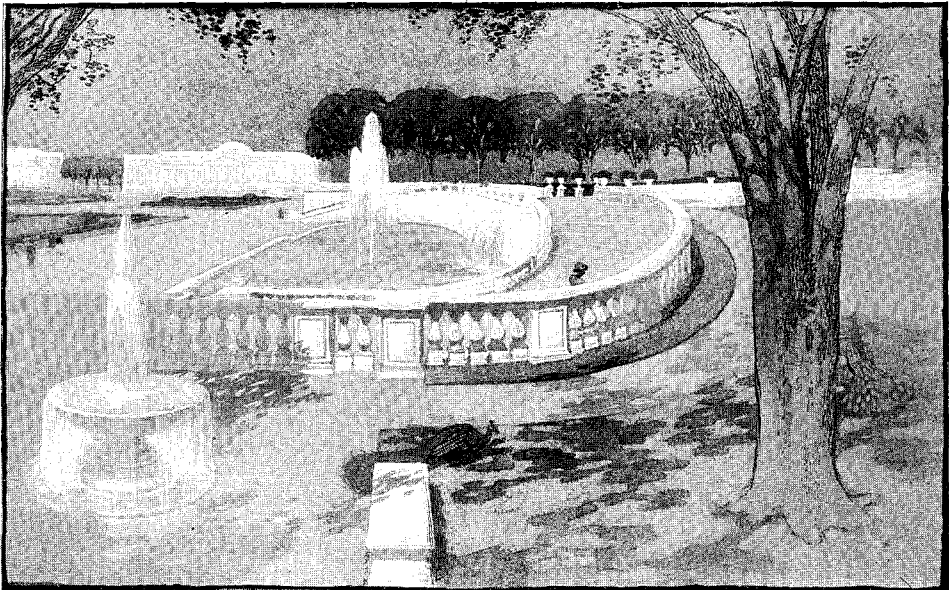
Drawn by Jules Guerin.

only to disappear. The Washington White City must stand in enduring marble.

The recommendations of these artists were presented in their report to the Senate Committee, and have also been graphically illustrated by two immense plaster models showing Washington as it is and as they would have it. These models have been on exhibition in Washington and are to be exhibited in New York and

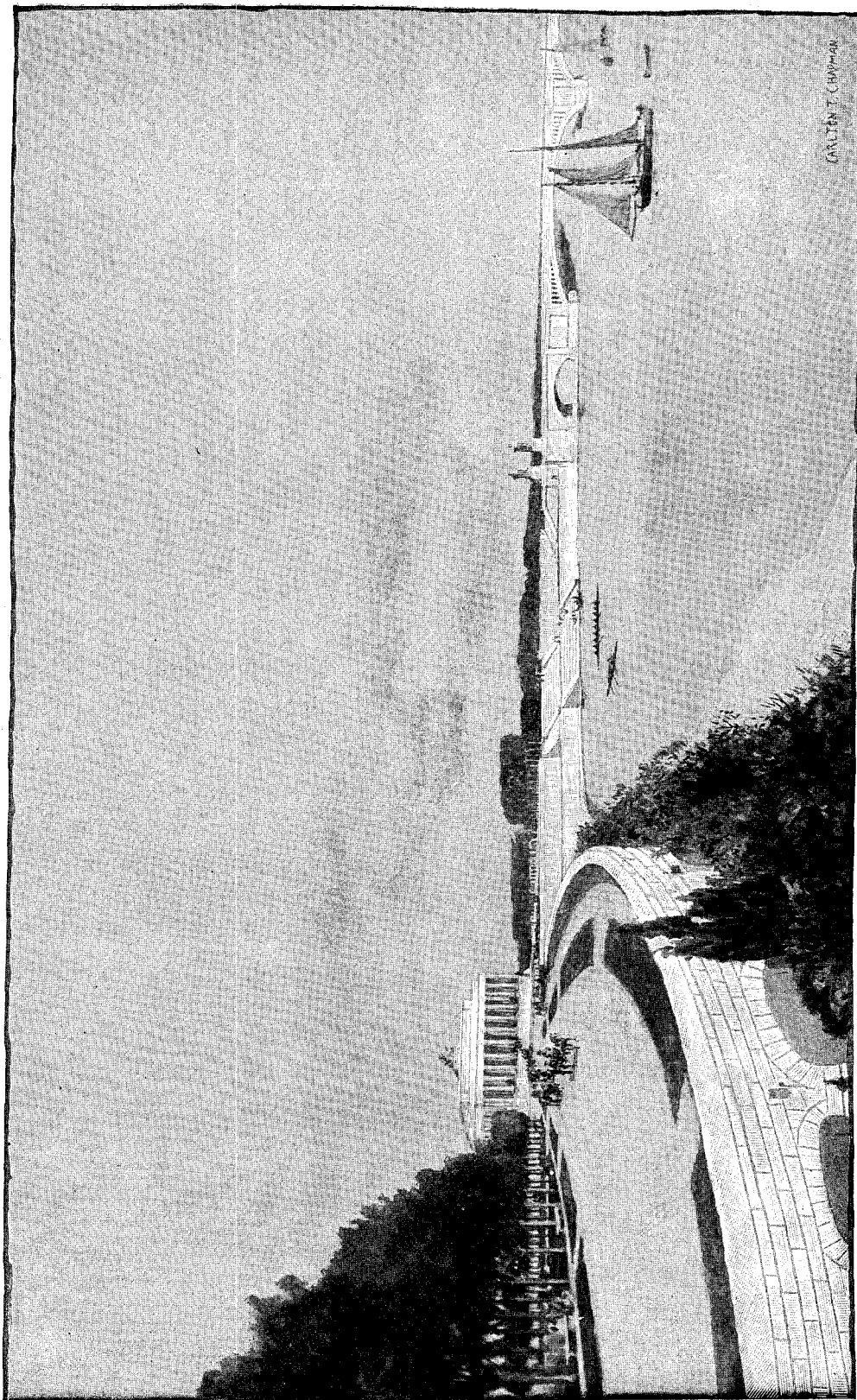
Chicago, together with sixty large drawings and designs and over a hundred photographic enlargements of celebrated scenes in the Old World suggestive of what might be in the New.

This is not the first time that the planning of Washington has received suggestions from the Old World. A hundred and twelve years ago, from his admirable library Secretary of State Jefferson lent



MONUMENT TERRACE

Drawn by Henry McCarter.

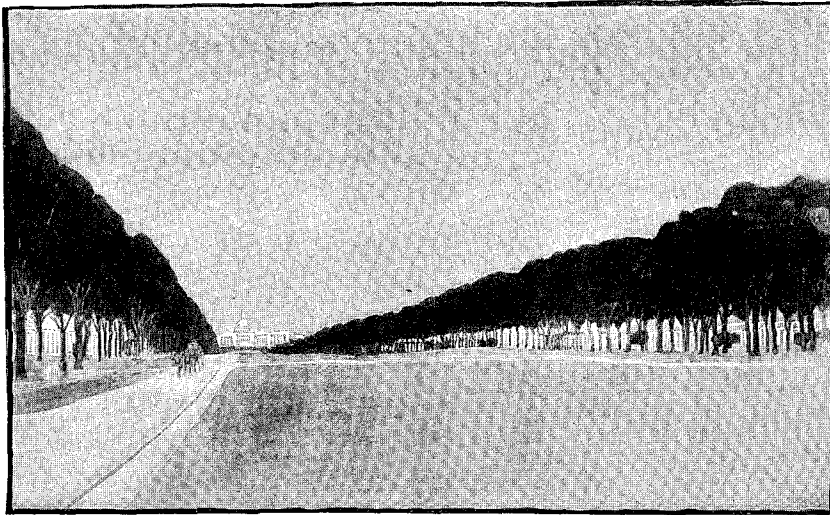


WALTER T. CHAPMAN

POTOMAC PARKWAY, LINCOLN MEMORIAL, AND THE NEW BRIDGE

to a young landscape architect maps, "drawn on a large and accurate scale" (which the statesman had gathered during his diplomatic service abroad), of Paris, Milan, Turin, Frankfort, and especially of Karlsruhe—the last named similar to the plan of Washington. The architect, Pierre Charles de l'Enfant, as lieutenant in the French colonial service during the Revolution, had been commended to General Washington by Count d'Estaing. Washington had been favorably impressed, as may be gathered from the Lieutenant's letter, when he applied for the position of Government Engineer. This application was successful, and in

fixed in the Congress building and the Executive Mansion, the sites for which had already been determined upon by Washington. Thus the plan finally looked like two wheels side by side on a gridiron. The sites for the other public buildings were selected with reference to every other site. This was fortunate. The classicalism of the Doric Patent Office and of the Ionic colonnaded vista of the Treasury building, as instances, deserves even fuller effect than that provided by the plan. But it was a far reaching plan, nevertheless. It provided not only an ideally reciprocal street-relation, but also sites for public buildings and monuments, for



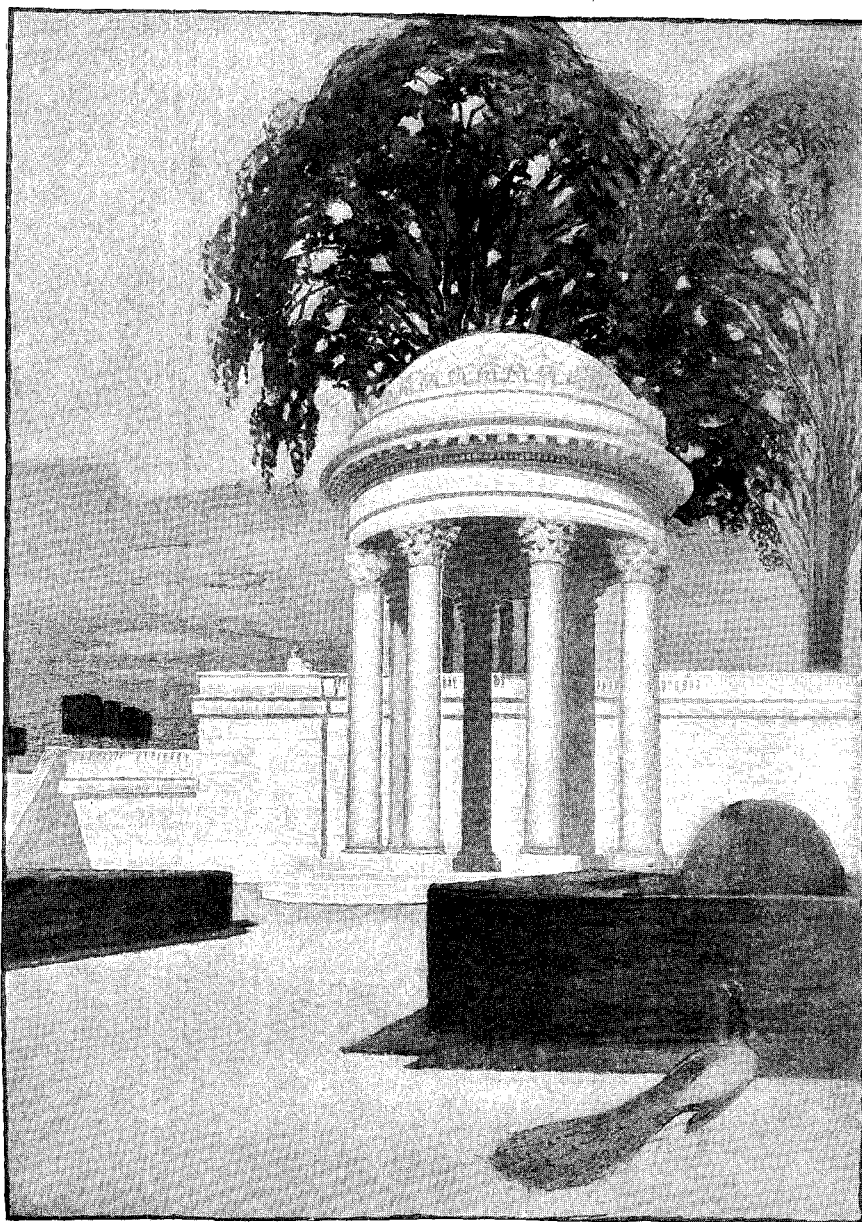
VIEW OF CAPITOL FROM THE MALL

Drawn by Jules Guerin.

1791 he began to superimpose his own plan on that of Major Andrew Ellicott, whom President Washington had commissioned to establish metes and bounds. Major Ellicott drew true north and south lines, which he crossed by others due east and west. These lines are the basis on which the ground-plan of Washington streets was executed. But something more than a mere rectilinear arrangement was necessary. There must be also diagonal avenues of direct communication to connect the principal Government buildings and at the same time to insure "a reciprocity of sight." In order fully to provide for such intercommunication, it was found desirable to have the diagonal avenues radiate from two centers, and these were appropriately

parks, gardens, and fountains. The whole city was regarded as a unity and as a unified work of art. Whenever departures from that consistent original plan have been made have been regretted, and are now, if possible, to be remedied.

The French engineer reported frequently to Jefferson, who, congratulating him that "Washington had left the planning of the town in such good hands," gave him sound advice notwithstanding as to adherence to classical models in building—a principle which Jefferson himself afterwards emphasized in his creation of the University of Virginia, the plans for which he drew up himself. To his other services to the State, therefore, it should not be forgotten that, at the very outset of our National house-construction, Jefferson



ONE OF THE GARDEN PAVILIONS

Drawn by Henry McCarter.

accomplished a real good in checking any tendency to haphazard building and architectural aberration in favor of a more restrained policy. Thus, though the town's framework is still more evident than its growth, giving point to Moore's jeer, "A city of magnificent distances," there has generally been a grateful lack in Washington architecture of the pert, pretentious, and over-exuberant, as, in the

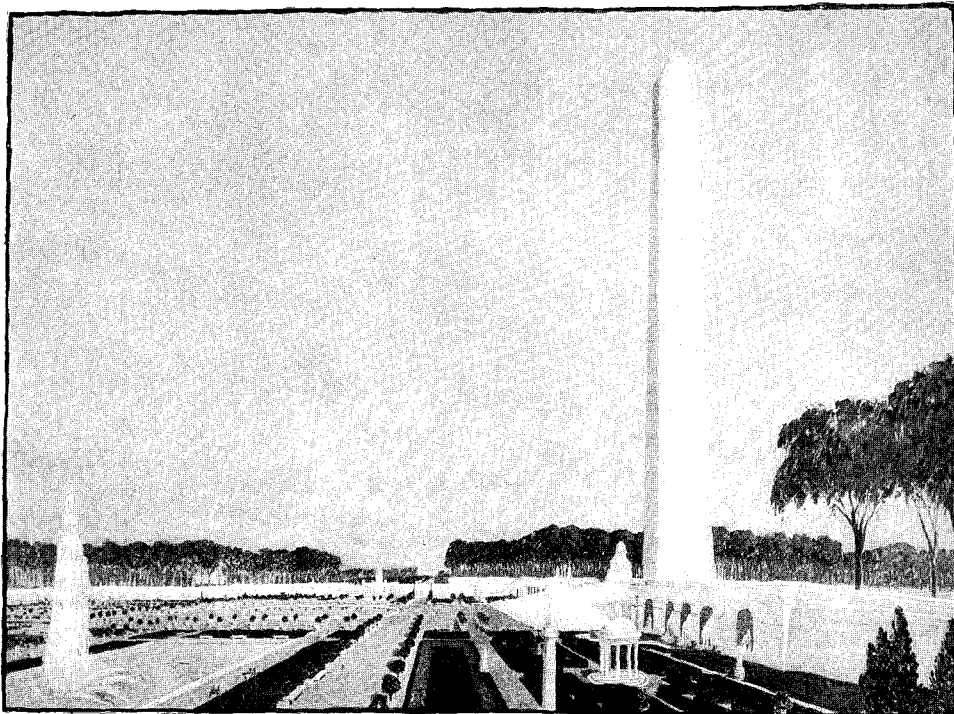
city itself, of the narrowness, height, noise, dirt, and squalor characterizing too many of the world's great centers. In its physical aspect at least, Washington has never been and can hardly ever become a mere colossal conglomerate. Instead, its true amplitude and grandeur—increasingly realized since the work of the Shepherd régime in 1870—will be emphasized by the present plans. As with those of a

century ago, in order to be plans for the future, these must necessarily be drawn on such a scale of magnitude as to leave abundant room for that aggrandizement which the Nation may wish to pursue at any period.

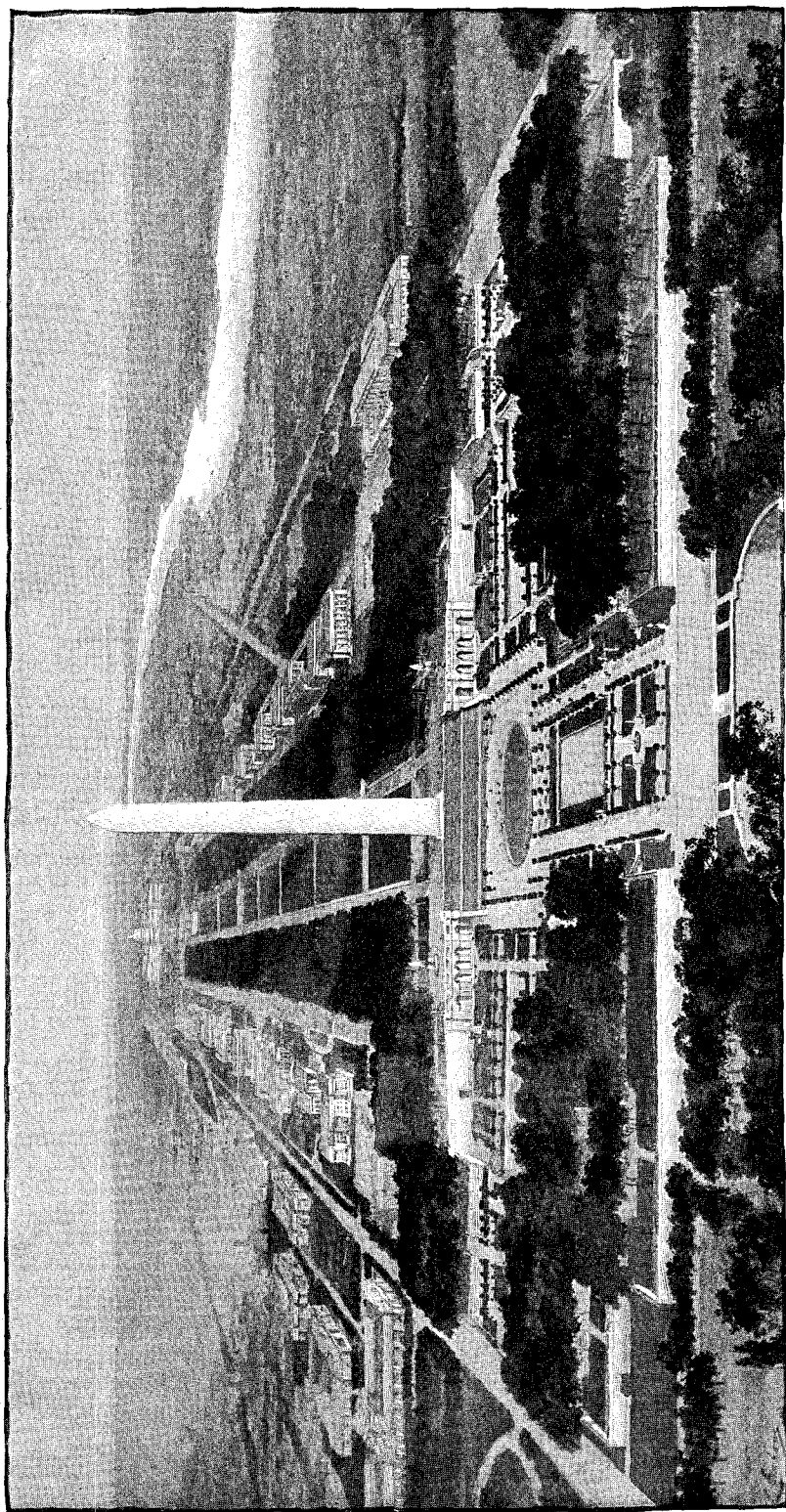
No nobler effect is produced by any legislative hall than by the Capitol, standing in a dignified landscape setting on a hill nearly a hundred feet above the Potomac. This building is appropriately taken as the center of the new plan of improvement. As the Library of Congress occupies the square northeast of the Capitol, it has been proposed by some that a new Supreme Court building should occupy the corresponding northwest square, even if another noble vista be annulled. At all events, only official structures may henceforth face the Capitol's grounds; while, at the other end of the town, that other axis, namely, the White House, will receive additional impressiveness because Lafayette Square, in front of it, is to be surrounded by Executive Department buildings only.

Crawford's "Freedom," surmounting the Capitol dome, is to be the end of a nobler vista than ever, one realizing the

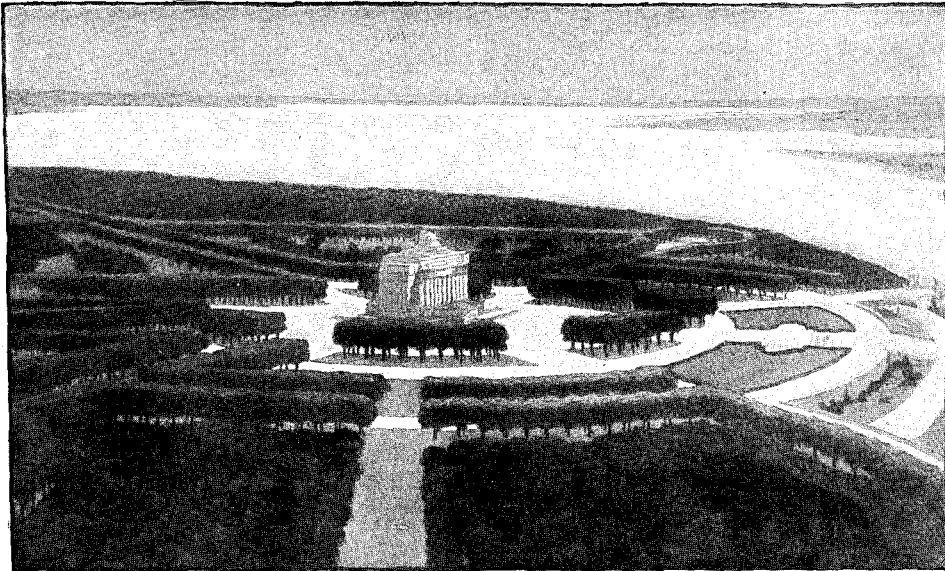
L'Enfant plan, which had provided for a great park or mall to occupy the space between the Capitol and the White House. From his master, Le Nôtre, L'Enfant understood how much dignity such a park would give to the legislative and executive structures at either end. Appropriately enough, therefore, in the new plan this feature receives treatment first of all. Instead of following Pennsylvania Avenue, a direct line, it brings the Washington Monument into axial relation with the two centers. In front of the Capitol a rectangular concourse is to be created, a thousand by five hundred feet. Its chief decoration will probably be the Grant Memorial. From the concourse, and bisecting a proposed fan-shaped park between Pennsylvania and Maryland Avenues, a Mall three hundred feet wide, flanked by four columnar rows of elms (most architectural of trees) on each side, is to be laid out a mile and a half to the Washington Monument. Along the outer edges of the Mall official structures and such scientific buildings as the Smithsonian Institution and National Museum are to be grouped. These, like the group of edifices to be erected as a pendant



THE MONUMENT AND GARDEN, LOOKING TOWARD THE WHITE HOUSE



APPROACH TO WASHINGTON MONUMENT, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CAPITOL
Drawn by C. Graham.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL SITE

Looking down the Potomac.

for the Treasury-White House-Army and Navy group, will be monumental in character.

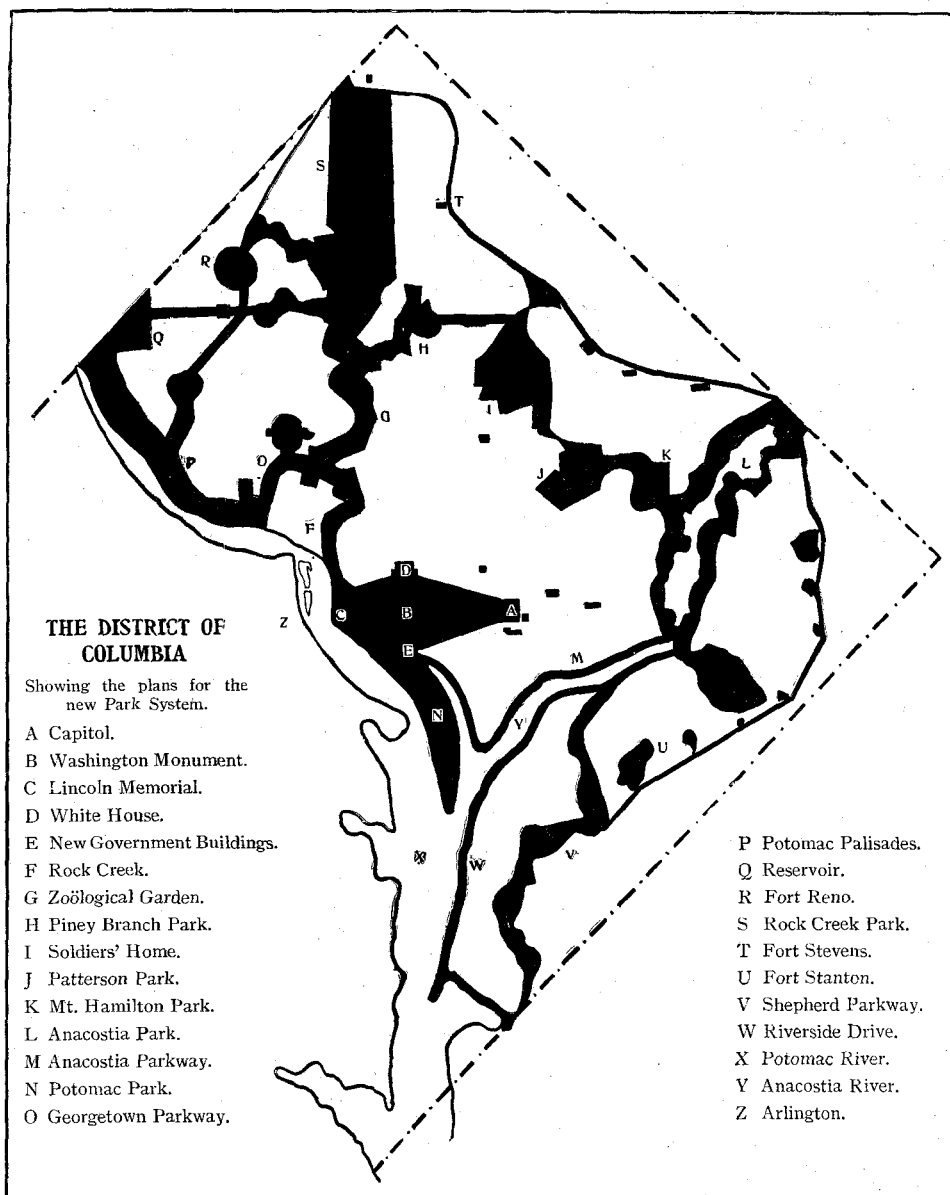
Every one will be glad to know that the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railway are to be removed from the Mall. The road's entrance into Washington will be had in conjunction with the Baltimore and Ohio, and a magnificent white marble union terminal station in Massachusetts Avenue is assured.

Returning to the Mall, we note that the space between it and historic Pennsylvania Avenue is to be used for various District of Columbia buildings, a market, an armory, a hall of records, and the present post-office.

The first idea of a Washington monument came from the Continental Congress of 1783, which voted that an equestrian statue of the Father of his Country should be placed at the intersection of the axes of the new Congress House and of the Executive Mansion. When the idea of a giant obelisk was accepted as a worthier memorial, no firm foundation was found at the exact axial point, hence the monument was necessarily placed just off center. To establish a new reciprocal relation, a great sunken garden in the form of a Greek cross is to be constructed here, the monument of course standing at one side of the center, which is to be marked by a great pool similar to that at Versailles. This

depression will bring the top of the monument six hundred feet above the garden level, and make it gain as much in apparent height as does the present thousand-foot marble terrace to the view of the Capitol from the west. The sunken garden is to be surrounded by avenues of elms, and will contain magnificent fountains. Indeed, throughout the park system fountains are to be repeated as often and on as large a scale as possible.

The water element is also to be accentuated by a great canal, two hundred feet wide, which will continue nearly a mile from the Washington Monument to the proposed Lincoln Memorial on the banks of the Potomac. On each side of the canal the bordering area is to be a dense forest, recalling the grateful shade of Fontainebleau. This, together with the fountains tossing spray into the hot air, should make Washington summer more tolerable. Beyond the forests the spaces are to be arranged with smooth, protected lawns, sand-courts, and wading pools for little children, and, for those of larger growth, with stadia for games, with ball-fields, running-tracks, playgrounds, gymnasia, basins for public baths, boating, skating, and with other athletic adjuncts, not to mention pavilions, restaurants, open-air theaters, audience-rooms, concert-halls and groves. Not only will the arts of landscape gardening, architecture, and



sculpture be emphasized in the new Washington; the arts of music, poetry, oratory, and the drama should also receive new impetus.

Thus this part of the Mall will form a real Plaisance, founded in large part on the Potomac Flats to be reclaimed from unhealthful conditions.

The form of the Lincoln Memorial will probably be a Doric portico rising from an unbroken stylobate, surrounded by white marble steps and balustrades, and surmounted by a central group of statuary,

the whole being the dignified background for a statue of Lincoln at the head of the canal.

The vista line is then to be continued by a Memorial Bridge across the Potomac to Arlington, Lee's home. The approach roadway will be upon arches to tower-like structures marking the water's edge. The bridge proper is to have arches of a broader span, and the drawbridge part will be operated from central towers. One can fancy how superb the view of the Mall will be from the Virginia side of

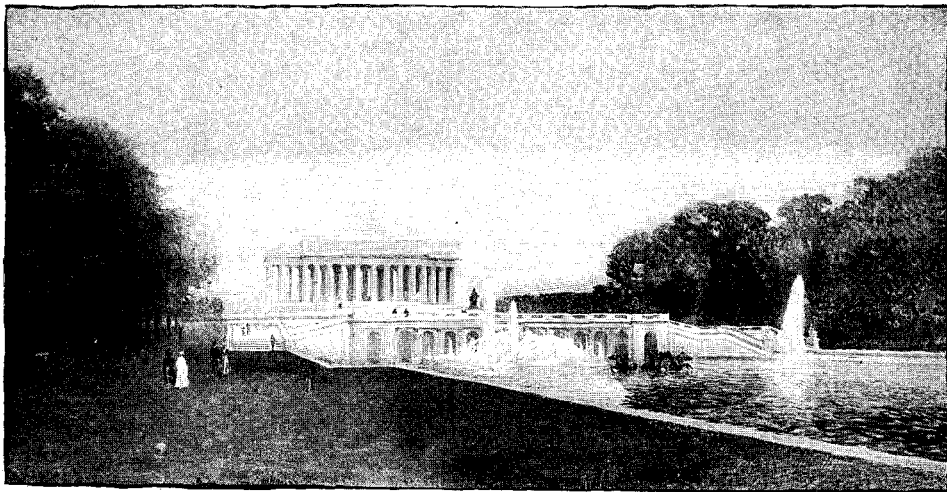
the bridge, especially on some festal night, when the hundred great public buildings of Washington are outlined in electric light.

Also from the Lincoln Memorial a parkway will be developed along the Potomac River to the point where Rock Creek enters, and thence through the Zoölogical Park, touching the great Rock Creek Park of sixteen hundred acres, and through the Piney Branch Parkway to the Soldiers' Home with its well-modulated slopes of five hundred acres and its restful distant views. From the Home, the Patterson and Mount Hamilton Parks with connecting parkways will extend to the eleven hundred acres of swampy and malarial Anacostia Flats. Anacostia Parkway, like Potomac Parkway, should consist of a line of stone quays overlooked by broad, shaded terraces, under which frequent arched openings will afford opportunity for transfer of goods. It will connect the new Anacostia Park with Potomac Park and the Mall.

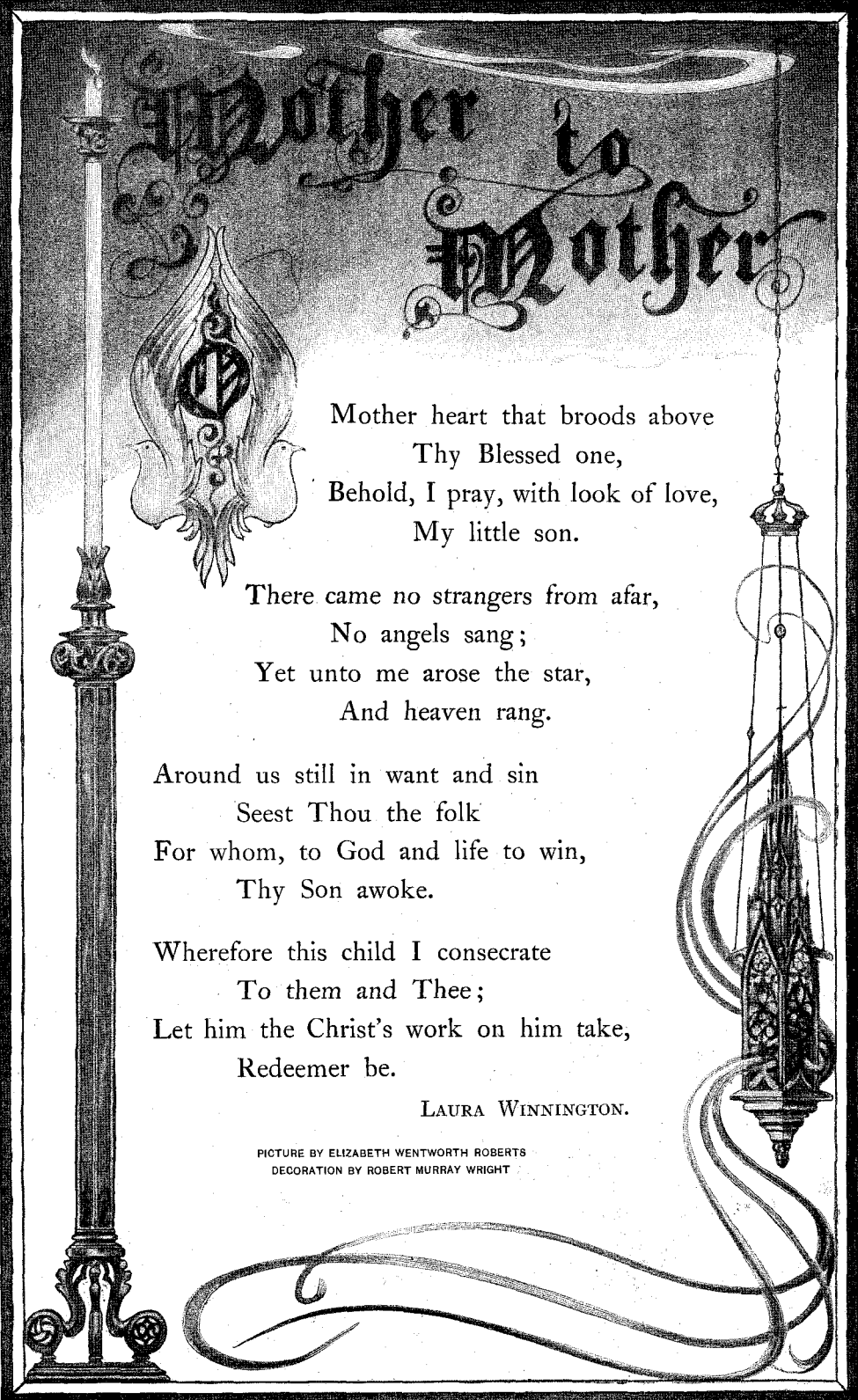
The ring which we have traversed is really but an outer boulevard for the present city. The plans of the Commission also include the creation of a parkway, which, following northwest the picturesque Potomac Palisades to the Receiving Reservoir and then the chain of abandoned forts will skirt the borders of the District from its highest point, over four hundred feet above tide level at Fort Read, north to south, and return to town by the Riverside Drive. This would pre-

serve as palliatives of summer heat many a shady valley where cool air settles, and many a hilltop where breezes may be caught. Thus the delightfully diversified attractions of the entire District will be united into one system and continuity. If Washington itself becomes—and why should it not?—the most beautiful city in the world, the whole District of Columbia will become what its great founder intended it should be, a dignified, well-ordered, unified community.

Such a scheme as has been here outlined is by no means local. Washington is not a city by itself; it is the Nation's city. Hence, not only are old Washingtonians rubbing their eyes with delight at the prospect of realizing many a vision in the near future, but every genuine American welcomes the assurance of increased æsthetic National assets. Every representative in our capital should be supported in favoring a grant of the sums necessary at least to make a substantial beginning for this far-reaching and comprehensive scheme. Of the Congressional appropriations one half will be taken from the District revenues, the other half from the United States Treasury. It should be an inspiration to any American to be a unit in bringing a poetic dream into practical reality. Fifty years hence the whole District of Columbia may be, not only a political, social, educational center, but also, through the harmonious working of all the arts in common, our country's æsthetic center.



CANAL AND LINCOLN MEMORIAL



Mother to Mother

Mother heart that broods above
Thy Blessed one,
Behold, I pray, with look of love,
My little son.

There came no strangers from afar,
No angels sang;
Yet unto me arose the star,
And heaven rang.

Around us still in want and sin
Seest Thou the folk
For whom, to God and life to win,
Thy Son awoke.

Wherefore this child I consecrate
To them and Thee;
Let him the Christ's work on him take,
Redeemer be.

LAURA WINNINGTON.

PICTURE BY ELIZABETH WENTWORTH ROBERTS
DECORATION BY ROBERT MURRAY WRIGHT





THE NORMAL SCHOOL SCIENCE CLASS

Education in the Philippines

By Fred W. Atkinson

Superintendent of Public Instruction in the Philippines

THE occupation of the Philippine Islands by the Americans has given rise to many difficult and interesting problems; none is more so than the educational problem. The question, what to do to educate the Filipinos, is a fundamental one, and its answer bears an important relation to the whole work of the Taft Commission. While a few Filipinos may show personal and political capacity, the people at large are not fitted for self-government. The Commission, in the municipal code and the provincial bill, has given to the Filipinos a liberal measure of self-government, and shown that in proportion as they are ready for

self-government will they receive it. The one agency in preparation is education.

The home Government demands rightly that as soon as possible the people of these islands shall become Americanized. We must begin with the child. You cannot make Americans of the adult Filipinos. Only let us, in our educational efforts, combine permanence with progress, adapt means to end, guard the school from fads, infuse heart and vitality into the mechanical methods of teaching, and steadily unfold well-matured plans—and we may make of the children what we choose.

It may be well, at the outset, to state

the general plan of the American Government in the Philippines as regards public education, all of which is to be non-sectarian. It is: To offer practically all the people everywhere free instruction for children in the elementary grades; to provide at least one free high school in each of the forty or more organized provinces; to establish at least one normal, trade, and agricultural school in the northern, central, and southern portion of the archipelago; and to place as the pinnacle of Filipino education a university with departments of law, medicine, science and literature, engineering, commerce and agriculture.

The development of all possible agencies of English elementary instruction has characterized the first year's progress. The importance of elementary education has been emphasized, not so much in deference to the spirit of the people, but as a necessary means of bringing about a general spread of education and laying a solid foundation for a free-school system. India's mistake of diverting public funds to the support of higher and secondary education, to the neglect of primary education, has been avoided. Instead of a medley of isolated school districts, largely under the direction of the clergy, local school boards have been created, whose duty it is to see that provision is made for school-houses, furniture, and the salaries of Filipino teachers; while the government provides for the entire supervisory machine, the American teachers, and the text-books and supplies. The body of American superintendents, with their deputies, furnishes a direct communication between the local and the central authorities; and it is largely through this agency that a satisfactory view of the real situation has been obtained and a general educational movement successfully inaugurated.

A hint or two may be given of the difficulties under which this work is done. The presence of the remnants of the Spanish school system—a system devised in order to make a superficially good impression—is rather a drawback. The standard of the Filipino teachers is lamentably low; the duration of the school course is brief; the attendance is irregular; and the condition of the school buildings is wretched. A matter of prime and

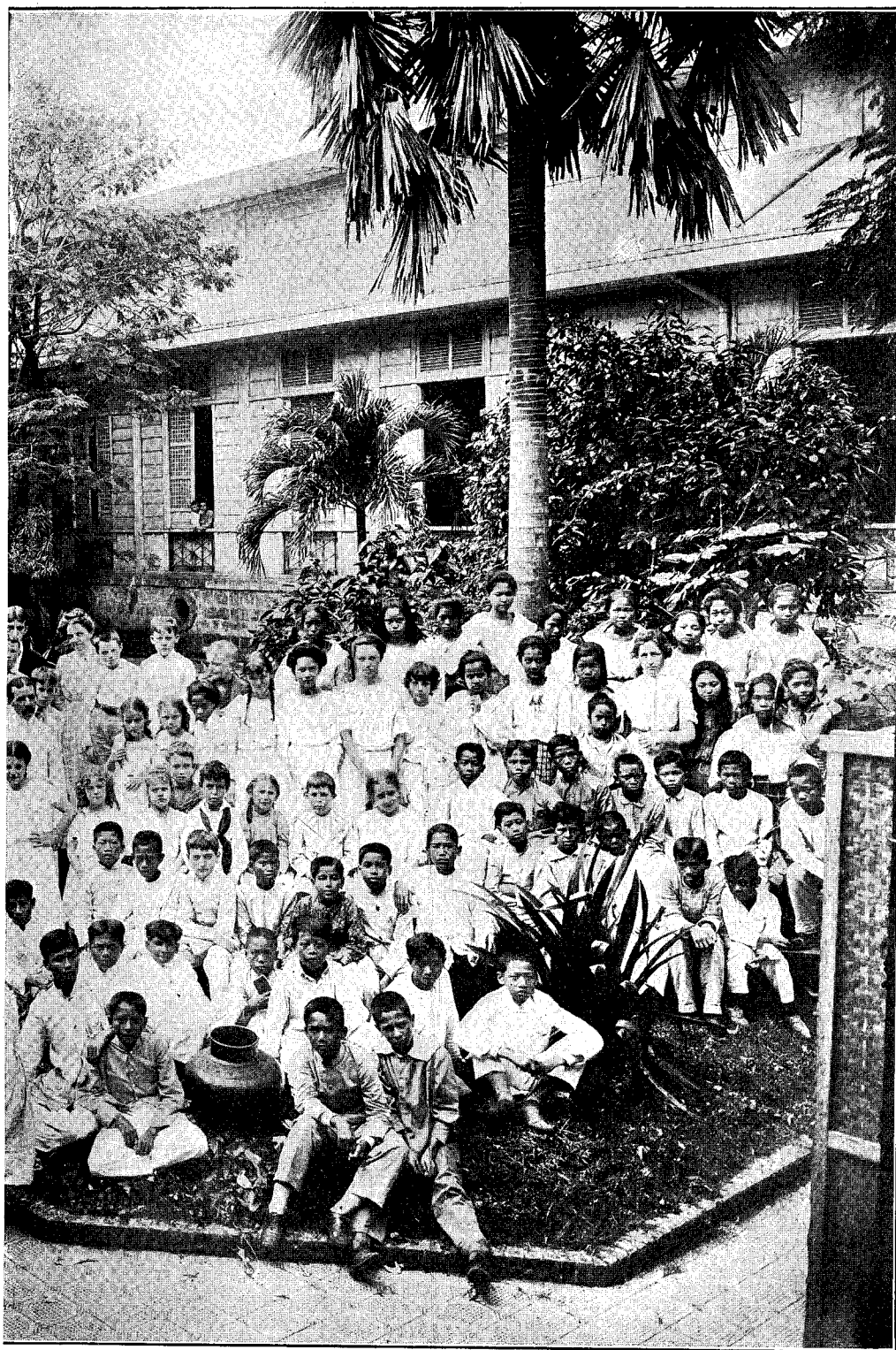
of continual and perplexing difficulty is the securing of suitable teachers to instruct the pupils who are flocking to the government schools. Owing to the small wages paid, the profession is not a popular one; and the position of the Filipino teacher is not one of dignity and standing. The majority of the school children come from ignorant homes, where there are none of the accessories and means of culture. A small but important class of Filipinos, those who possess wealth and culture, while not opposing popular education, favor plans for higher education. On the other hand, the masses, for whom elementary education is intended, are ever in danger of misprizing its benefits. Fine words are heard from local presidents, but with many their deeds prove that their words serve only to conceal their thoughts.

In spite of these and other difficulties, all the superintendents and the great majority of the American teachers are enthusiastic and optimistic as to the ultimate outcome. A progressive spirit is being aroused in a considerable number of Filipino teachers, who are given, wherever there is an American teacher, daily instruction in English and in methods of teaching; and vacation normal courses are also being conducted. Modern text-books and other school supplies, including furniture, are being distributed in large quantities. The American teachers are doing something to improve the appearance and hygienic conditions of schools and grounds, and by this means, and by inviting parents to the schools on days of public exercises, are arousing local pride and interest. While there are exceptions, yet local co-operation is forthcoming. The number of public schools is increasing rapidly, and there is a constantly increasing popular demand for English.

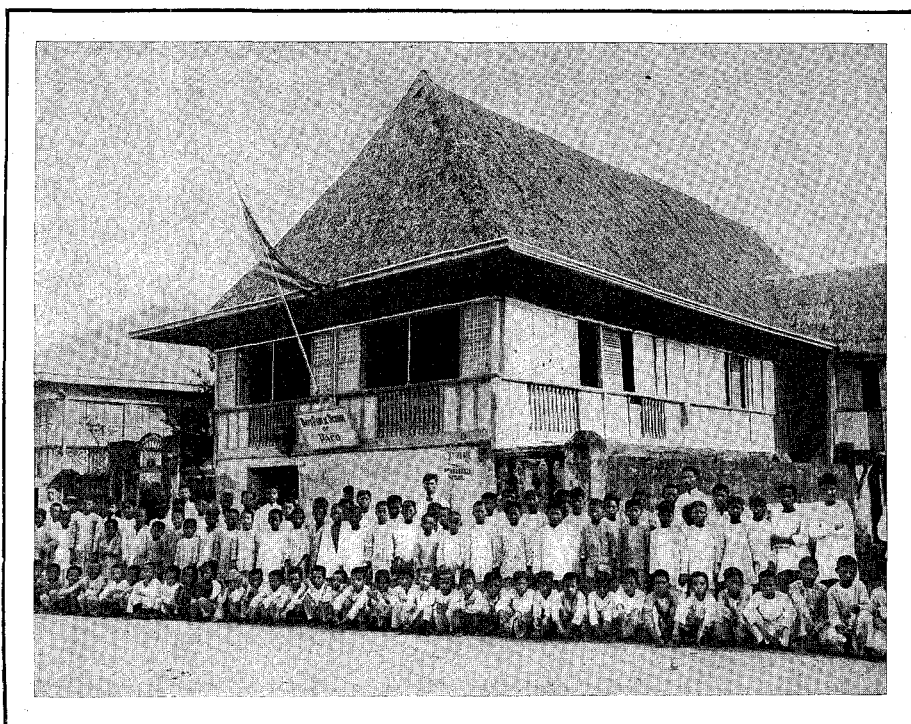
One cannot but have hope in our educative mission after visiting school after school and noticing the zeal of the bare-foot Filipino child, his facility in acquiring English, and his intense interest in arithmetic, geography, and history. Now, for want of education, Filipino minds may lack "all logic, all system, and all natural classification, and may be totally unable to sum up, so to speak, any series of observations and experiences, or to draw sound conclusions from a part of the



A MODEL SCHOOL



AMERICANS AND FILIPINOS

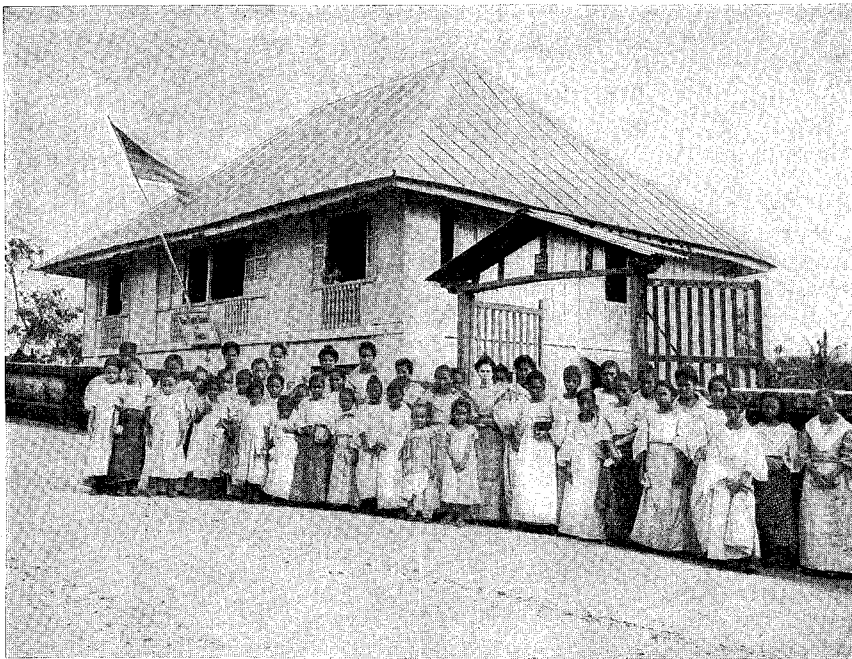


BOYS' PUBLIC SCHOOL OF PACO

whole;" the rapid intuition and mental vivacity of the American mind may be lacking also; but imagination and curiosity are not. The Filipino takes the greatest interest in all kinds of machinery. There may exist a prominent streak of vanity, but the Filipino is by nature tractable and patient. His case is by no means a hopeless one, and the worst traits of his present character seem to be the result of training or the lack of it.

Reading and writing as instruments of education must ever have first place. I doubt if it will be necessary for the Filipino pupil to serve as long an apprenticeship to them as does the American child. Parallel with the text-book, which should be fully and brightly illustrated for the Filipino pupil, there is teaching from the things themselves. Particularly, nature study is being done to counteract the bookish tendency noticeable in Philippine schools. The introduction of kindergarten occupations and gifts in the lowest grades, and object-lessons and manual training in the later grades, will do much to brighten the schools and stimulate individual efforts. Some of the teachers are already conducting lessons in geography in the

open air. In the past, the geography lesson in the few city schools where geography has been taught was a memory exercise pure and simple, when it should have been an exercise in observation, imagination, and, to a limited extent, in processes of reasoning. It may be interesting to Americans to know that the geography that was used devotes one printed page out of two hundred to the United States, and closes with the statement that "it is a country of millionaires, advertisements, and eccentricities." Gymnastics is receiving attention. There is the same need here as was found in the early days of Western education in Japan of a thorough training of the body, that the physical defects of the people may be repaired. An improvement in the sanitary condition of the schools, as well as of the home and the streets, has been brought about by the medical department of the American army. Simple songs, some of them of a patriotic nature, are being taught. Not alone is school instruction being enriched, but better methods of school administration are being brought about. Attempts are being made to grade the pupils properly. There is a great chance for improvement with



GIRLS' PUBLIC SCHOOL OF PACO

regard to discipline; the pupils study aloud, and a lack of precision marks all school movements. The American teachers are doing much to inculcate habits of decision and bring about a quiet tone in the atmosphere of the school-room; the individual recitation is being substituted for the concert recitation.

The American teacher, if true to himself, his calling, and his country, is, perhaps, the chief factor at present. The success of this great educational experiment depends upon his ability to establish sympathetic relations with Filipino pupils, parents, and teachers; to work day and night conscientiously and tactfully, and then patiently to await results. He needs to possess, besides scholarship and professional training, ready tact, plain common sense, a warm heart, and colossal patience. It should be noted that nowhere in the United States are the qualifications for elementary teachers any higher than those exacted as a general rule by the Department of Public Instruction here in the appointment of the thousand teachers. They are either normal or college graduates, and the majority of them have had at least two years' suc-

cessful experience; their good health, personal habits, and moral character were vouched for by proper parties.

In anticipation of the arrival of the American teachers, a large amount of time and thought was given to work out a satisfactory solution of the problem of their assignment. The utmost pains were taken in obtaining as complete information as possible as to the conditions of the towns, the relative needs, the questions of personal safety, and the accommodations, particularly for the women teachers. Division superintendents already in the field, local presidents, military officers, and others in a position to know were carefully consulted; and lists of provisional assignments giving the number and sex of the teachers were forwarded to these various persons, whose opinion and decision were to be relied upon, with the request for suggestions and criticisms. Such questions were asked as: Are there other towns more deserving of English teachers than these given? What places should have two male teachers? Can suitable quarters be found for female teachers? Are there other American women in the town? To what place in

the province should the teachers be transported? In determining the towns for this assignment, the General Superintendent chose the large, garrisoned towns and those showing their loyalty by their peaceful conditions. Any possibility of danger was ample reason for refusing to assign teachers to such a place.

Difficulty was experienced in securing suitable board and quarters for the women teachers, even in the larger towns. Consequently, they were first considered in making assignments, and were sent in twos for companionship and mutual assistance. Married couples, where both were qualified teachers, were assigned to towns requiring but one man and one woman teacher. Preferences were duly considered, and as far as possible companions and friends were assigned to the same town or vicinity. And in cases where friends or relatives were in the military or civil service, the fact was remembered.

It would, indeed, be cause for apprehension rather than satisfaction if no complaint at all were heard from the several hundred college and normal graduates just settling in the Far East, where the rude conditions of living, the utterly different climate, the lack of what we have come to look upon as mere comforts or even necessities, stood out in contrast to what they had known at home.

One of the most encouraging phases of the work is the manner in which the military officers have everywhere taken a deep interest in the system of education and shown their appreciation of the teachers' efforts by aiding them in every way possible. They have furnished lodging and meals to teachers *en route*; have exercised their influence in initiating the teachers into the good will of the community; have furnished transportation in the interior; have detailed soldiers for the protection of the teachers when any apprehension was felt; and have even gone so far as to procure materials for building school-houses.

Almost without exception, the teachers are satisfied, enthusiastic, and intensely interested in their work. They are willing to submit to minor discomforts, and are repaid by the satisfaction of feeling that they, in close contact, are the ones who exercise direct influence in enlightening the Filipino mind, hitherto untrained and

groping in darkness. As a friend prominent in Massachusetts educational circles said, "Teaching in the Philippines is the grandest kind of missionary work." The fact that the teachers are sending for brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and betrothed is significant of their satisfaction with the conditions and the work. There is not the slightest cause for apprehension as to personal safety. Military commanders will not allow a teacher to remain in a place considered dangerous. Furthermore, the value of the teacher's work is appreciated by all; so much so that one of the division superintendents in the vicinity of recent conflicts expressed himself as firmly convinced that the American teachers were safer than any other people in the islands.

Every day letters are received with accounts of progress made; every day requests come from local town boards, accompanied by petitions from the people; and every day calls come from the division superintendents for additions to their quota of teachers.

Some of the discharged soldiers who are teaching, although not possessing broad scholarship, have found a way, because of their interest in the Filipino children, to win their regard and to help them. If I were asked to give the essential requisite of a teacher of Filipinos, I should say that it was "the right attitude towards the work"—a certain indifference to personal discomforts, and a feeling somewhat akin to mother-love toward his brown charges.

In educating the Filipinos no more important step has been taken than the introduction of English. A common language unites a heterogeneous people. In 1770 a royal decree began the effort, which was repeated many times without effect, to make Spanish the common speech of the islands. It seems now as if in time we were going to be successful in making English the actual teaching and official language. It is an interesting fact that about ten per cent. of the several hundred teachers who came from the provinces to attend the preliminary term of the Normal School (which was held previous to the arrival of any large number of American teachers) were able to speak the English language quite well. The importation of one thousand teachers was primarily for the purpose of making

English the dominant tongue. The reports of the division and deputy superintendents show that in the day-schools about one hundred thousand pupils and five thousand teachers, and in the evening-schools twenty thousand adults, are now receiving English instruction. The Filipino teachers understand that they must avail themselves of the opportunities furnished by the Department to learn English and to improve their methods of instruction, if they are to retain their positions at increased salaries; and ambitious Filipinos of all classes, occupations, and professions realize that commercial advancement and office-holding depend upon the possession of a knowledge of English. It is, too, a social distinction. They learn English with very little difficulty.

There has not been time enough yet to be able to affirm or deny Archbishop Nozeleda's statement that "they never learn a language profoundly or philosophically." The culture value of English is evident, for it opens up a wealth of literature. There are a few books written in the dialects, but only such works have been published as the friars desired. The Spanish Government reserved the right of censorship over publication in the dialects, but the friars alone were acquainted with these dialects. Even before the arrival of the Spanish, Tagalog was a written language, but a difficult one to read until it was corrected by the friars. Its imperfect literature consists mostly of poems on grave subjects and long tragedies. There are also some romances and a few short poems and songs. Selected English reading will be provided, to those who desire it, by means of traveling libraries, which will be under the management of the American teachers.

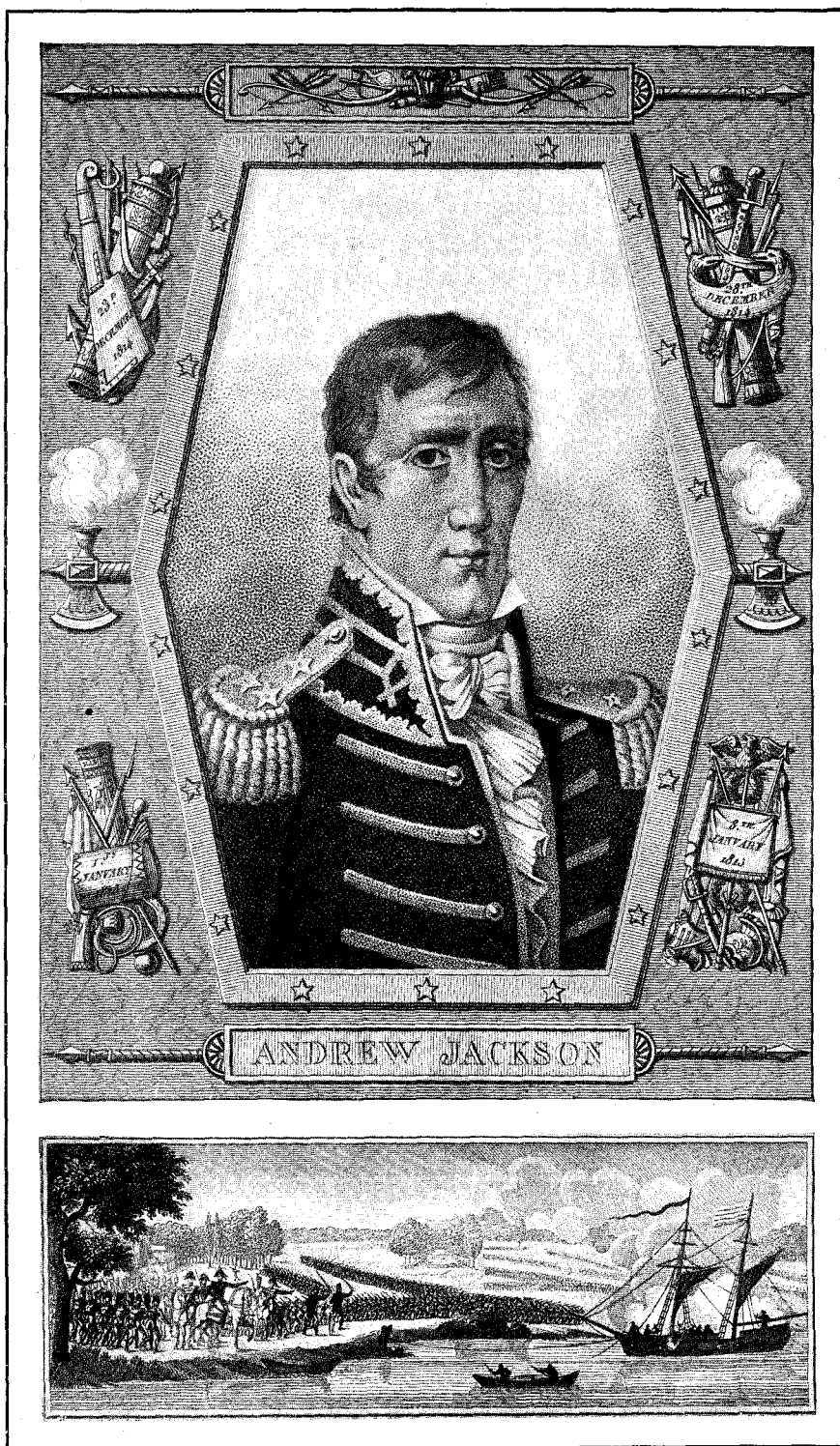
Since the coming of the Americans, private schools have sprung up like mushrooms. These are of three classes: parochial schools; branches of the Liceo de Manila, designed as feeders to that institution; and primary schools and secondary institutions established by private parties on their own account. All of these schools are patterned after the old order of things and are teaching either Spanish or the vernacular. The popular demand for English has compelled many of these schools to make a show of teaching a little

of it, but it is generally being attempted without English teachers worthy of the name. It is the opinion of the educational authorities that the curriculum of these schools, especially of a primary grade, should conform to the course in the public schools, but with full latitude in matters of religious instruction; and that the inspection of these schools should be made to the extent of seeing that they are schools in fact, and not in name only, and that they are giving the required instruction in English. The object should be to raise the standard of these schools and get them in line and harmony with the general educational movement. If this is done, these schools are to be welcomed and encouraged; if not so regulated, they are a very positive menace to educational advancement.

No compulsory school-attendance law was included in the Educational Bill, owing largely to the lack of sufficient school accommodations. Such a law is a necessary thing for any country where the purpose is to secure general education. Almost every State in the Union has one. To attempt general education here without such a law presupposes a greater interest in education than exists in the most cultured nations.

In the provincial high schools soon to be opened, the English language will be the subject most insisted upon; the sciences, mathematics, and history will receive much more attention than Latin. Frankly, the aim will be utilitarian. There will be industrial and commercial courses as well as general courses. Dormitory provisions will be made for students whose homes are some distance from the school. Government provision should be made by means of scholarship funds for continuing the education of poor but promising youths beyond the elementary and also the secondary grade. There should be opportunities for students to earn enough to pay for board and clothing.

If industry on a large scale is to attain its fullest growth, if the work of the United States Philippine Commission in establishing government is not to fall on stony places, and if these people are ever to come to the full stature of citizenship, it will be by improving the common schools in villages and cities.



GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON

From a rare print by F. Cardon.

Memories of a Hundred Years¹

By Edward Everett Hale

VI.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER

TURNING from American to European politics, I shall relieve the reader from any condensations by myself of history by making from time to time extracts from personal private correspondence. I have a series of letters between John Quincy Adams and Mr. Alexander Everett for fifteen years after the War of 1812. Mr. Everett had gone to Russia with Mr. Adams in 1808 as his private secretary. He was with him there through that most interesting and critical period when the Emperor of Russia stood so loyally to his engagements with America and to the traditions of Catherine and other neutral powers. Because the Emperor would not agree in any form to Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees, Napoleon quarreled with him and invaded his empire.

I must not go into this. The reader will find it all explained and illustrated by Mr. Henry Adams. I only wish here to say that an intimacy began between Mr. Adams—a veteran statesman, as far as American diplomacy went—and Alexander Everett as early as 1806, when Mr. Everett left Exeter and began the study of law in Mr. Adams's office. That friendship continued unbroken while Mr. Adams lived. From the correspondence which grew from it I am making these short extracts. The reader will see that their statements of fact are of the first authority. And I copy a few of such details as explain the delay of letters and the slowness of travel to show how different the external conditions were from those of our days.

The reader will observe that it was but a few years since the "Weekly Messenger" had begun a new series, under my father's sole direction. It was but two years since he had purchased the Boston "Daily Advertiser" newspaper, the first

daily paper in New England. Our old-fashioned people call the paper "The Daily" still. My mother used to laugh about her indignation when, on her wedding tour, the "Advertiser" or the "Messenger" had followed them, and she found that the friendly compositors at the printing-office had printed the names of bride and bridegroom in letters unusually large, under the head of "Marriages." I suppose no compositor or proof-reader in the office of the "Tribune" or the "Journal" now would take any such liberty, even if he happened to know the name of his chief. But to a certain extent those were still feudal days. From the beginning of the "Advertiser" down, the editor owned the printing plant, or owned enough of it to control its use. And in such days the counting-room direction and the editorial wish were one and the same, because both came from one and the same man.

I must take for granted what we will hope is true—that all the readers of The Outlook are well informed as to the great crisis which culminated in the triumph of neutral rights and the fall of Napoleon. So I will venture to suppose that they would prefer not to read of those half-forgotten politics. And instead of them, for the moment they may forget wars and rumors of wars and look in on Coleridge as he lectures on "Love."

In 1811 Mr. Everett left St. Petersburg on leave of absence and visited England. The following passage gives a description of one evening in London as late as 1849. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson told me that when his friends were arranging for his lectures in London in 1848, they went back to the traditions of these lectures by Coleridge:

London, 1811.

I dined to-day at the Globe in company with Mr. Amory. In the evening Frank Williams called in and we went together to Coleridge's Lecture. It was on the interesting subject of love and the French character as

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delineated by Shakespeare. Love he defined to us "the perfect desire of being united to something that we feel to be necessary to our happiness by all the means that Nature permits and Reason allows." I think he does not shine in Definitions. I understand that at a recent lecture which I did not hear he defined a poem to be the natural expression of a natural thought. He wished, he said, to take a middle course in his idea of Love between the high Platonists, that excludes the idea of body, and the gross materialists that have no conception of anything further. Scott's description went very much to this point:

True Love's the gift that God has given
To Man alone beneath the Heaven.
It is not Fantasy's hot fire
Whose wishes soon as granted fly.
It liveth not in wild desire,
In dead desire it doth not die.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver cord, the silken tie,
That heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul doth bind.

He took up the play of Romeo and Juliet, dividing the characters into the general and individual ones, the former as Tybalt and Capulet, the great characters of the play. Mercutio he commended very much. It had been objected, he said, that Shakespeare had dispatched Mercutio in the third act because he was unable to support him any longer. The fact was that he had given him the brilliancy which he displays while on the stage in order to excite an interest in the death and thus give an air of nature to the spirit of revenge it creates in Romeo, by which means the death of Tybalt and the catastrophe of the play

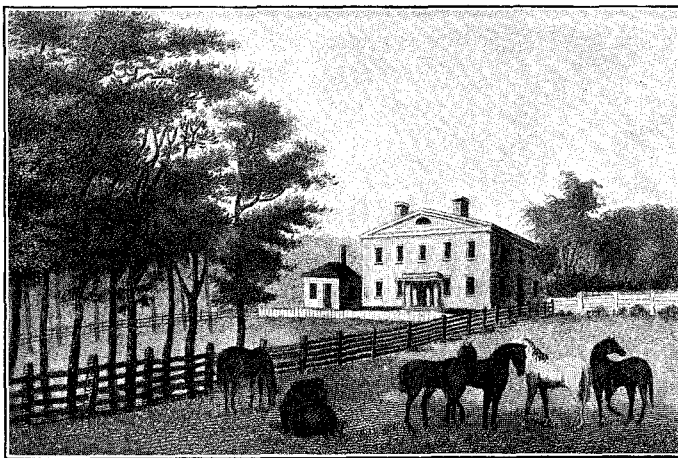
than usual, and the ladies all concurred in saying that it was very pretty. They appeared to be disappointed when he finished.

THE TWENTIES AND THE THIRTIES

It becomes evident even to the most inexperienced author that if this series of memories is to end with the year 1900, we must step at a faster pace in the chapters which remain to us than we have used in those which have passed under the reader's eye. I am sorry that we have not more space in which to answer in detail questions which have been suggested by the previous chapters. I will say that Nathan Hale, my father, whom I spoke of as born in 1784, is not the Nathan Hale who was hanged in 1776 by General Howe, but his nephew.

Do not let any one think that I am going to harass my readers with many details as to my personal life. What we are trying for is a keyhole view of the whole century; and when I speak of myself, it is simply because the reader and I, as I keep saying, are looking through the same keyhole. Still, it will be convenient to all parties if I say that it was in the twenties that I began to see matters with my own eyes. On the 3d of

April, 1822, I came into this world. There is a well-known reminiscence of a French physicist who remembered seeing the nurse raise the curtain of his room when he was six hours old. I do not go back so far as he, and I do not believe that I recall anything of my own observations earlier than my sight of the green feathers of the Rifle Rangers on the 17th of June, 1825, of which I have spoken already. A good deal



THE HERMITAGE

that hangs upon it are rendered probable. He advanced something in favor of the conceits of Shakespeare. He undertook to consider the Nurse, which seems to be a very favorite character with him, for his admiration was without bounds, and appeared so to have bewildered his head that he could not descend to particulars so as to make the grounds of it intelligible. The attractive nature of the subject had brought together a larger audience

had happened to me before then, however, which I cannot recall. Thus, I could read the printed badge which was given me. But I have no recollection of learning to read; not even of who taught me. I suppose it was Miss Susan Whitney, to whose school I was sent, at my own eager request, before I was three years old.



EMPEROR ALEXANDER I.

From an engraving by Montaut.

And here I may as well illustrate the scenery and the other arrangements of the stage in Boston in the twenties by telling how "we four" went to school and how we returned. To the company of readers of these lines who live within a mile or two of the cheerful gaslight by which they are written, the locality and the line of march will be sufficiently clear when I say that I was born in a house of which the front door opened where the Ladies' Entrance of Parker's Hotel opens to-day—near School Street in Tremont Street. From this front door, Fullum, who has been spoken of before, took us to school twice a day, excepting Thursdays and Saturdays, when we went but once. "Us" means that he took "us four"—my two sisters, my brother, and

me. The other three were my playmates; they were older than I; and when they went to school daily, I used, naturally enough, to cry and beg to go with them. Ah me! since that time I have known many another hapless child who has stumbled into the like pitfall. Miss Susan Whitney did not hesitate to receive me, though I suppose I was one of the youngest of her flock. She attended to her part of the business well. I suppose I had learned my letters at home. I have no recollection of anything in the process. I cannot recollect any moment of my life when I could not read as well as I can now.

I may say, in passing, that Guest, the Cherokee Cadmus, taught a boy to read in a day, and speaks as if two or three

days were always quite sufficient for the business. Helen Keller, who was certainly badly handicapped, learned to read and write and spell in less than four months; and has never, I think, made a mistake in spelling in twelve years since. The truth seems to be that we generally make a great deal too much fuss about learning to read.

What I remember is this: that the school-room was one of two chambers on the first floor of a pre-Revolutionary house in a little private courtyard next west of the Trinity Church of those days. The room was fifteen feet square, with a sanded floor, and with benches and chairs enough for twenty scholars or more. It was warmed by an open wood fire in the winter. We had slates and pencils and the New York Primer and Barbauld's Early Lessons. How I wish any antiquarian would send me his copy of the New York Primer!

It seems to me rather a curious index of the times that, as I suppose, there was no other Primer in Boston since the New England Primer, which was then wholly antiquated. Of the New York Primer this is to be said, that it had a very philosophical and valuable table of the letters of the alphabet, which other books have copied. I wish any one would tell me when and where it was arranged. For it gives to the learner through his life a picture or conspectus of the five vowels, each leading his own platoon in the little army. A and E each have three followers. I, O, and U, the other three captains, have each five. Now whoever always sees his letters arranged in this order in his mind's cabinet has many great advantages over those who do not—advantages which it is not necessary here to describe. And this may be said, that I have asked many a high student of language who it was who arranged the modern alphabet in this order. None of them knew, or so much as cared. Nor has any one taken the trouble, so far as I have learned, to account for the different order of the Greek, Phœnician, and Semitic "alphabets." Of the importance of such knowledge we will not speak further now. That subject shall be reserved till The Outlook requires a series of twelve essays confined to this important theme.

Let us return to Fullum and his little flock of four, of the united ages, as the newspapers say, of twenty-three years. Nathan and Sarah, aged eight and seven, could have gone to school alone, but could hardly have taken care of me and my other sister at the ages of three and five. We were to go down School Street—then a paved lane without any regular curbstone or sidewalk—to turn to our right and go through the "Main Street," not yet familiarly called Washington Street. When we came to Sumner's crockery-shop, at the corner of Summer Street, with its fascinating shepherdesses and lambs in the window, we would stop a moment to admire them, and then, to make up for the lost time, would hurry down to the courtyard which led in to Miss Whitney's door. There Fullum took us upstairs and left us in the northern room; the southern room was occupied by another school under the care of Miss Ayres. There was a vague impression that their scholarship was more advanced than ours. For all that, however, we had the serene and proper childish confidence that ours was the best school in the world, and that we, as individuals, probably had no superior. The only blemish on this bright mirror of self-consciousness was the fact that Miss Ayres had a watch and that in our establishment we had none. So we had to send in to her if we needed to know the time.

At twelve o'clock Fullum came for us and we went home. At three in the afternoon we went through the same streets again, and at five went back again. Joy for us when winter came! For the purposes of winter, Fullum had contrived a box sled, which was painted green. Into this box sled all four were packed, and thus we enjoyed, on the snow, four triumphant sleigh-rides daily, dragged by our faithful friend. How many policemen would there need to be to escort such a company through that part of Washington Street to-day!

Opposite the block of houses of which ours was one were three large gardens running up to the western side of the western block of Tremont Place of to-day. These estates were bought by the syndicate which built the Tremont House and opened Tremont Place. For the Tremont House the old houses were taken away



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

From an engraving of 1809.

and their orchards were cut down. The corner-stone of the Tremont House was laid in 1828. It was matter of surprise and of common conversation that here was to be a large hotel which had no stable of its own, though larger than the Indian's Head in the neighborhood. Observe that for years afterwards horses and oxen gave the only motive power on the roads.

THE PEOPLE AT THE HELM

In the year 1830 I saw General Jackson, who had come to Boston as President. In a State which had voted stiffly

against him, the "Progress" was watched with great interest. Since that time I have spoken with John Quincy Adams, with Tyler, Polk, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield I think, Arthur, Hayes, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, and Roosevelt. I have seen all the Presidents since Monroe. From Washington to Monroe, I never saw any of the five.

It was on the third day of November in 1828 that I, who was then six years old, was led by the hand of Fullum as we four of us children returned, after dark, from a tea-party at Katharine Foster's. It was the night following the day

when Massachusetts had given her vote for J. Q. Adams in 1828. As Fullum half dragged me and half lifted me across the "Main Street," a man's voice broke the silence of the evening by the cry, "Hurrah for Jackson!" I think that such cries were then very unusual. I doubt whether the New Englanders were in the habit of expressing themselves in such ways. A counter cry from another direction immediately replied, "Hurrah for Adams!" But, alas! a third voice, evidently from a new interlocutor, replied at once with a second "Hurrah for Jackson!" I was but a child, but in one matter I saw the future of seventy years as well as I now see it in retrospect. Impossible not to observe that two men hurrahed for Jackson and only one for Adams! Impossible not to reflect that in the street neither my father, nor my uncles, nor any of the gentlemen whom I was used to see, would have hurrahed for anybody. And, at the same time, how clear, even to a child's observation, that there were many more men in the world of the kind who like to hurrah in the street than of the kind who do not like to! All that we children understood of the business was that General Jackson once hanged six militiamen, and that his election would be ruin for the country. Observe also that this was at the close of an election day in which Adams had four votes in Massachusetts for one given for Jackson.

I believe this story about "Hurrah for Jackson!" is worth the precious three hundred words which it has cost, because it marks almost to a minute the period when the United States became a real democracy. It is as good a text as I shall have for saying a few words on the change between the first third of the century and the last two-thirds.

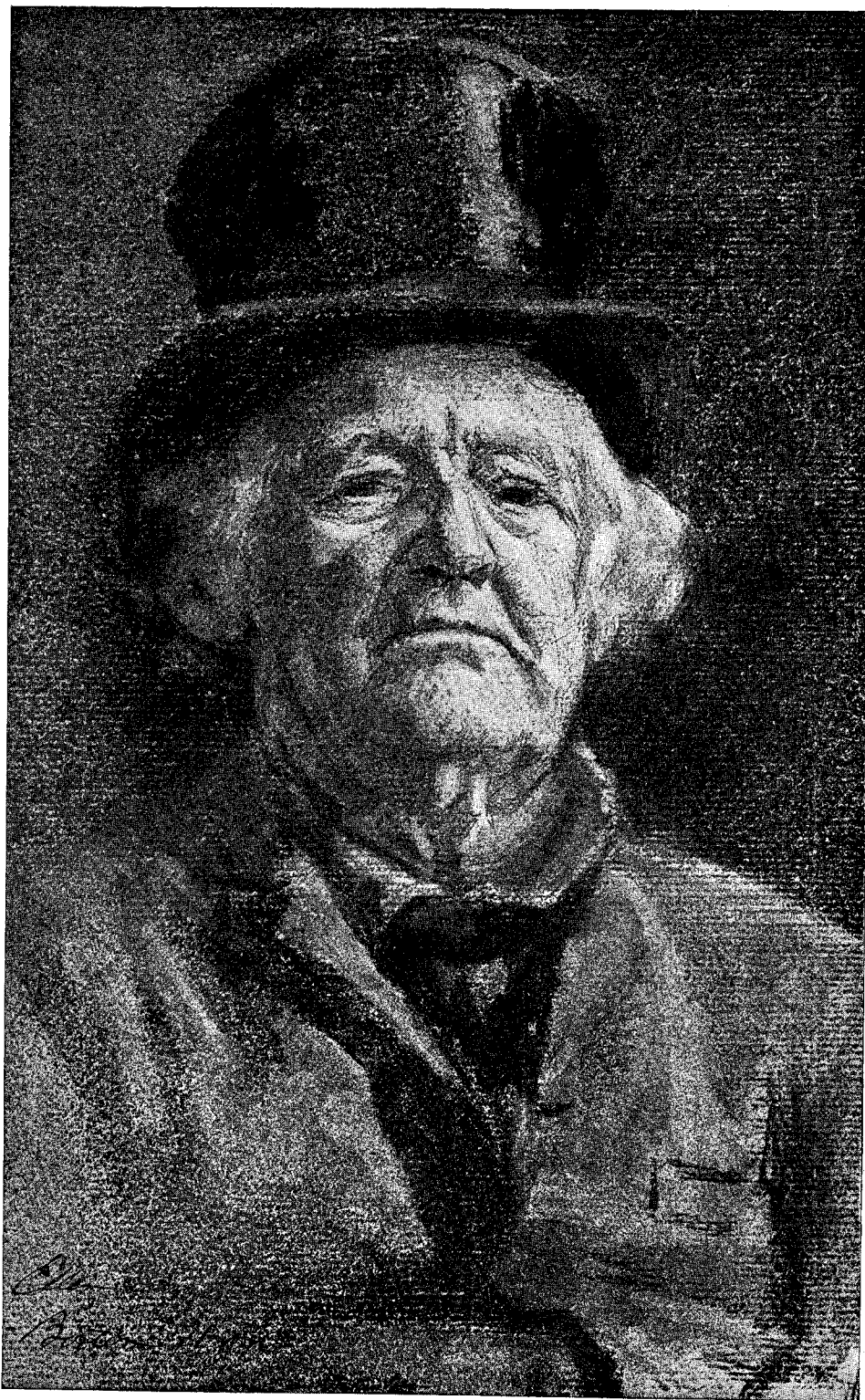
The men who made the State constitutions and the United States Constitution had no idea of the universal suffrage with which we are familiar. Massachusetts was as far advanced in such matters as any of the States, but Massachusetts had begun with confiding the suffrage to church members, and they were only admitted to vote by the consent of a majority of those already voters. In 1780, in the constitution of which John Adams is the real author, Massachusetts

gave the suffrage to landowners, or to persons with an amount of property on which they paid taxes.

By the National Act of 1798, no foreign emigrant could be received to suffrage on less than fourteen years' probation, and this after five years' previous declaration of intention to become a citizen. One can see how effective were the limitations by the small number of votes as compared with the whole population. It was like a vote in Mississippi to-day, where six thousand voters choose the representative of two hundred thousand people.

What followed on this limitation of suffrage was that the two great parties were simply two rival aristocracies. There is something ludicrous now in reading the private letters of the real leaders on both sides. They take it as entirely for granted each that the party will do what half a dozen leaders determine on; as Mr. Croker (in 1900) took it for granted that Tammany would do what he determined on. Indeed, there was no popular convention or any other method by which the rank and file of the voters could express any opinion, even if they had one. But, practically, they had none. The condition of affairs in South Carolina up to Mr. Tillman's reign is a good enough illustration of the way in which every State was managed up till 1829. "Some of us get together at Columbia after the Commencement and arrange the politics of the State for the next year." Such was the convenient fashion everywhere in which things were managed all along the line, before people found out what universal suffrage means or what democratic government is.

It seems to me one of the most curious bits of political sagacity in our history that, as early as 1808, Aaron Burr—then in Europe—suggested the name of Andrew Jackson as the best candidate for the succession to Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson would have been glad to be chosen for a third time. But he did not dare propose it. He meant to name his own successor, and did. But there were a plenty of people who did not want to oblige him and who wanted to have their own way. Now, of course, the new man must come from Virginia. And so the malcontents, when Jefferson named Madison, named James Monroe.



ABEL FULLUM

Drawn by Ellen D. Hale.

Aaron Burr was in exile at this time. He hated and despised Monroe as he had ever since they quarreled in the Revolution. And so Burr, looking with the dispassionate eye of one who wished for the failure of both of the regular candidates, writes from Europe to America as early as 1808:

The moment is auspicious for breaking down this degrading system. The best citizens of our country acknowledge the feebleness of our administration. They acknowledge that offices are bestowed merely to preserve power, and without the smallest regard to fitness. If, then, there be a man in the United States of firmness and decision, and having standing enough to afford even a hope of success, it is your duty to hold him up to public view: that man is Andrew Jackson. Nothing is wanting but a respectable nomination, made before the proclamation of the Virginia caucus, and Jackson's success is inevitable.

At the time Burr wrote this from Europe, Jefferson would have been glad of a nomination for the third time. But he did not dare propose himself. And, as the nomination at that time had to go to Virginia, men wavered between Madison and Monroe. Burr saw that the man or the party who frankly accepted universal suffrage would succeed. When, twenty years later, the New York regency at Albany sent the younger Hamilton to open negotiations with Andrew Jackson, they thought, in the innocence of their hearts, that they created him and they were going to run him. As a chess-player moves a pawn and changes it into a queen and then moves the queen up and down the board as he chooses, so Mr. Van Buren and the other managers at Albany thought they were going to handle this Western bushwhacker. In 1853 the Democratic leaders tried the same experiment with Franklin Pierce, and with entire success.

But Andrew Jackson, when he was called into being, proved to be made of very different stuff. He was neither putty nor dough. He said very squarely that the American people made him President, and that he had nobody to thank, and nobody to reward, and nobody to obey. The pawn rules the board, if you please, but he rules it in his own way, and not as any Albany regency or any John Caldwell Calhoun bids him rule it.

That man is a strong man who has the American people behind him. Lincoln said wisely that you can fool some of

them some of the time, but that no man ever fooled all of them all the time. The eight years of Andrew Jackson's dynasty were the end of the halting pretense at republicanism of the first fifty years of the Constitution. From that time down the men who had the Nation behind them have succeeded. The men who are set up by intriguing oligarchies have failed.

Up till the close of General Jackson's Presidency, as I have said, no such thing was heard of as a National Convention for the choice of a candidate. Somebody had to make such a choice; and, for want of a better, a meeting of the members of Congress named the candidates of either party. So it was that in 1825 General Jackson and John Quincy Adams and Mr. Crawford and Mr. Wirt divided the electoral votes. But so soon as General Jackson withdrew, having named Mr. Van Buren as his successor, all the enthusiasm of the Democratic party departed with Old Hickory. Poor Van Buren had to face the terrible storm of the commercial crisis of 1837. The fault was none of his, excepting as the industrial States of America are always at fault when they intrust their business to those States where nobody can mend a water-pail, or to statesmen who do not know a bill of lading from a bill of exchange—of men who "know nothing of trade," as the excellent Monroe said. In the crisis of 1837 half the business firms in the country were bankrupt and half its industries were destroyed, of which the consequence was that the industrial States, that is, New England, the West, and the great States between, took their affairs for once into their own hands.

When they called together the great conventions of 1839 and 1840, the reign of oligarchies and caucuses of Congressmen was over, and the reign of the voters began.

In the very bitter canvasses, all crowded with personalities, which preceded the election of John Quincy Adams and of Andrew Jackson, every sort of lie was told on all sides. In those circles of the New England States which prided themselves on civilization no tales were told with more eagerness than those which presumed that a Tennessee man must be wholly barbarian, so far as the etiquettes

of elegant life would go. But when Andrew Jackson came to the White House, the curiosity of the country was perhaps a little annoyed that the so-called elegancies of Washington were maintained. He did not go out with a shot-gun to bring in canvas-back ducks from the river, and

the story which I will now record is true:

The daughter of a Massachusetts Senator told me that in her younger life she went with her father to one of the regulation dinners at the White House. General Jackson himself took her out to the dinner-



THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER

From the collection of W. G. Bowdoin, Esq.

Mrs. Jackson did not dress them at an open fire.

Still, I remember very well the anecdote in which Mrs. Jackson was supposed to give an account of a lung fever, of which, I think, she died. It was declared and believed in Northern circles that she said, "The General kicked the kiverlet off, and I kotched cold." I should not tell the story but to record the resentment of a true lady, a relative of my own, who had seen all the elegancies of the best Courts of Europe, and who protested to me that Mrs. Jackson was a lady through and through, in breeding as in daily manners. My friend quoted the anecdote which I have told, only as illustration of the bitterness of partisanship at that time. On the other hand, if any story can be received at the distance of one person from the spot of which the story is told,

table. There was some talk about the light of the table, and the General said to her, "The chanticleer does not burn well." She was so determined that she should not misunderstand him that she pretended not to hear him and asked him what he said. To which his distinct reply was, "The chanticleer does not burn well."

MARTIN VAN BUREN

Of Mr. Van Buren the general impression is certainly that he was simply an intriguing New York politician, utterly indifferent to anything but his own advancement and the success of his own coterie in the politics of New York. But as lately as March of last year I heard Mr. McKinley express a very different opinion. I should not repeat what he said if he were living. But his remark

has for me a special interest because, after that evening, I never saw him again, and these were among the last words I ever heard him utter.

In his charming, cordial way Mr. McKinley was showing to Mrs. Hale the arrangements of the White House. As we passed a rather poor full-length portrait of Van Buren, which hangs on the first floor, he took a candle, by which he could throw a better light on the face, and called our special attention to it. He said that till lately he had grown up in the feeling to which most of us were trained in younger days, that Van Buren was a man of no wide range of thought, or indeed of any convictions; that he was merely a selfish politician. But lately he had been studying those early days with new interest, and he was convinced that Van Buren was a much stronger man—a man far more fit for the Presidency—than history has on the whole believed.

If anybody chooses to say that Martin Van Buren made Andrew Jackson President of the United States, I think he can maintain his thesis. Certainly the man who did that did something of importance in history.

In the election of 1824 Jackson had enough Western votes to bring him as a prominent candidate before the people in 1828. The New York leaders did not care who was President, if only they had "the patronage," and they seem to have thought that in this popular old General, then more than sixty years old, they should find a tool whom they could handle easily. So they sent the younger Hamilton all the way to the "Hermitage," as the old General called his home in Tennessee, to sound him, virtually to offer him the nomination, if he would agree to their conditions. Hamilton's journey was somewhat like what the journey of a young New Yorker of the Four Hundred would be to-day if he were sent, say, into the "Bad Lands" to have an interview with a Blackfoot chief. He afterwards printed his instructions, which are very funny. He was to observe the habits of the family, and to be able to tell such things as might be profitable in the canvass—whether they had family prayers, whether the old gentleman asked a blessing at table, whether they played cards, etc. Let the reader remember that one of the

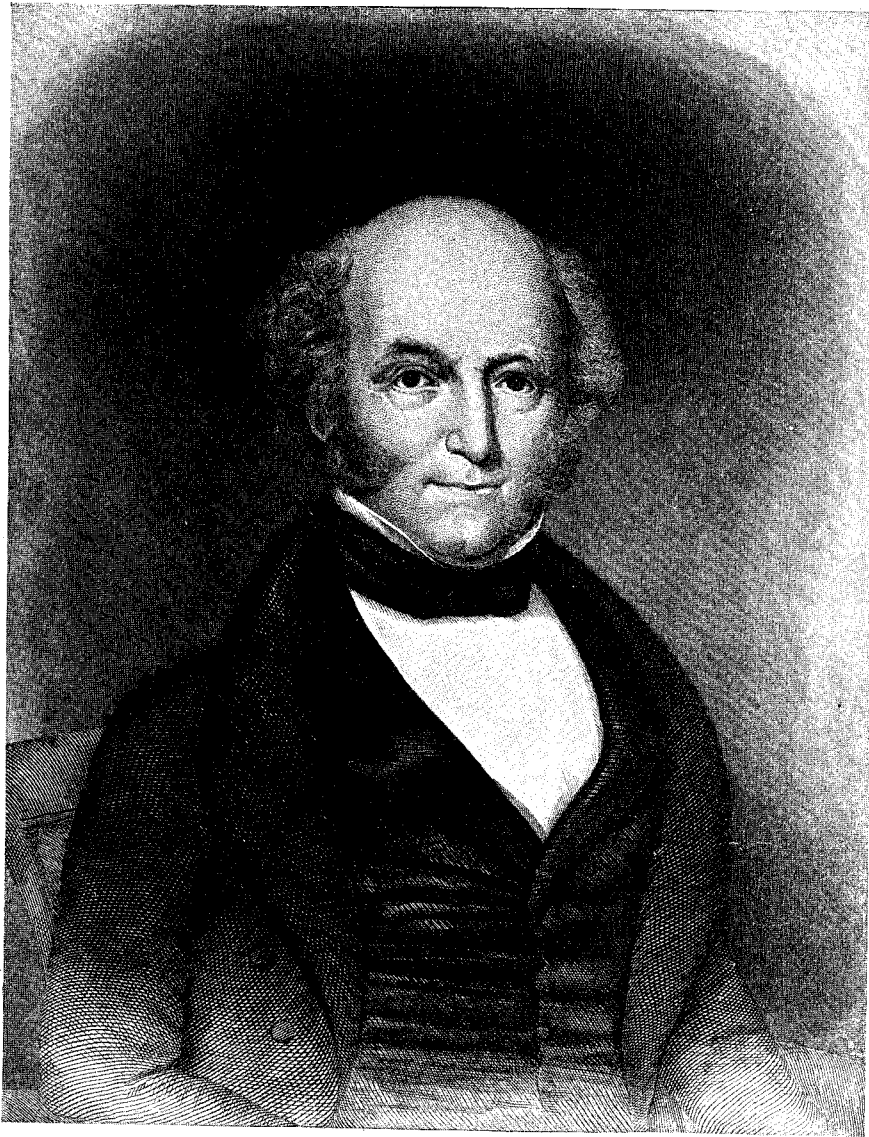
reasons why John Quincy Adams was not re-elected was that he had a billiard-table in the White House.

But when the New York managers had caught their hare and had him in the White House, they found, as I have said—rather to their dismay—that they could not manage him "worth a cent," to use a fine National proverb. The General had a very decided will of his own. He had the knack of cutting Gordian knots, and came to like it. Possibly to get Van Buren out of his way, he sent him as his Minister to England, an official appointment which meant even more than that it would now.

Mr. Parton says—and I think wisely—that if the United States Senate had only had sense enough to leave Mr. Van Buren in London, and, one might add, to thank God he was there, the history of this country since would have been different. But there was a strong opposition Senate. Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay were leading it, and, in the pride of power, they refused to confirm the nomination of Mr. Van Buren after he had been presented at the English Court in 1831. He had the mortification of presenting his own recall, and the English Foreign Minister—either Earl Dudley or Lord Palmerston—said to him, what is very true, that, to a public man, an act of evident injustice is often one of great advantage.

Certainly it proved so to Van Buren. The rejection by the Senate made him President. The insult had been aimed, not at him, but at General Jackson, and Old Hickory understood this perfectly well. From the moment of Van Buren's return he folded him in his arms and made his interest his first care. Will it do to say he made his election sure? On Jackson's nomination, Van Buren was made Vice-President for the second term of Old Hickory, and so far all the new popularity which Jackson had won as the savior of the Union went to the account of Van Buren.

But he could not have the popularity without the responsibility. Whether he himself cared for the sub-treasury system or for the rest of General Jackson's financial policy, he had to take the consequences of that policy. The financial panic of 1837 swept over the country. Literally everybody suffered. Practically



MARTIN VAN BUREN

After a miniature by Mrs. Bogardus.

everybody charged it on the Government. A storm of indignation swept out the President who had had two-thirds of the electoral votes in 1836.

I heard a little story, when I was in Washington four years after this downfall, which illustrates the bitterness with which the people of his own State regarded him. Things were very simple in Washington in 1836. Manners had the simplicity

which they would have in a large country town in Virginia or Kentucky to-day. So it happened that of an evening, probably when Congress was not in session, the President would walk across to Lafayette Square and make an evening call in one of the charming homes there. The people there were glad to have him entertain himself as he would, and such homelike visits were often repeated. But as the

"recess," as people used to call it, went on, Mr. Van Buren's visits at Mr. Ogle Tayloe's suddenly stopped. Mrs. Tayloe, herself a most agreeable lady from an old Albany family, told her husband that he must go over to the White House and ask Mr. Van Buren why he had given up his evening calls, and Mr. Tayloe undertook the commission.

Mr. Van Buren did not hesitate in reply. He said that it was true that he had given up his visits to Mrs. Tayloe: "She has things lying about on her table which should not be there."

Then it proved that, as a part of the drawing-room furniture, Mrs. Tayloe's matchless collections of autographs lay on the table. It was specially rich in letters from New York statesmen—letters from many men whom the whole world remembers. The President had been fond of turning these books over. They revealed to him some things which he had not known before.

Mr. Tayloe went back to his wife with the President's message, and they applied themselves to studying the autograph-books. It was not long before this phrase was disinterred: "What is little Matty doing? Some dirty work, of course, as usual." To this phrase, not unnaturally, the President had taken exception. Mrs. Tayloe's scissors at once relieved the book, and so she wrote to Mr. Van Buren. And the President of the United States was able to renew his visits upon his opposite neighbor.

It is difficult for an outsider to understand how completely the President of the United States is sometimes shut in out of sight, almost out of sound, of the very people who have chosen him. In 1840, by a perfect typhoon of indignation on the part of the commercial and manufacturing States and of the West, then new to power, Mr. Van Buren was swept out of office and old General Harrison was put in. Harrison had 234 electoral votes and Van Buren had only 60. The election had already begun, it had been decided in some States, when Mr. Alexander Everett, who told me this story,

passing through Washington, made a visit on Mr. Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren assured him, and believed that evening, that he should be re-elected, and re-elected by a strong majority. The managers of the White House, if one may say so the people who kept the President, had succeeded in deceiving so far the man whom posterity has regarded as the most astute politician of his time. Mr. Everett, when he told me the story, was confident that this was not the talk of an intriguer to an outsider, but that Mr. Van Buren expressed his own opinion as to the issue.

NOTE.—In Number Four of these papers I said I had never been able to find the whole of the Chesapeake and Shannon ballad of which Mr. Hughes takes some lines which I quoted. The courtesy of a friend enables me to supply what seems to be the whole ballad, or nearly the whole. It is evidently written by some one who had seen the Constitution and Guerriere ballad.

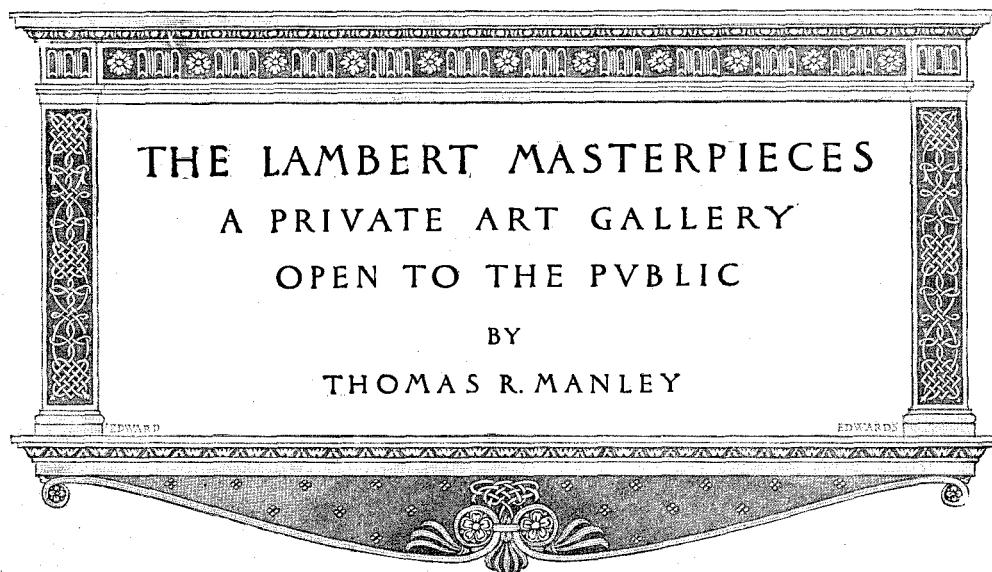
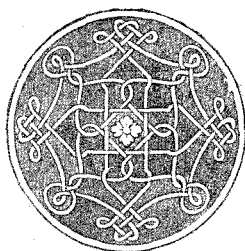
The Chesapeake so bold
Out of Boston, I've been told,
Came to take a British Frigate
Neat and handy O!
While the people of the port
Flocked out to see the sport,
With their music playing
Yankee Doodle Dandy O!

Now the British Frigate's name
Which for the purpose came
Of cooling Yankee courage
Neat and handy, O!
Was the Shannon Captain Broke,
Whose crew were heart of oak,
And for fighting were confessed
To be the dandy, O!

The engagement scarce begun
Ere they flinched from their guns,
Which at first they thought of working
Neat and handy, O!
The bold Broke he waved his sword,
Crying, "Now, my lads on board,
And we'll stop their playing
Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!"

They no sooner heard the word
Than they quickly rushed aboard
And hauled down the Yankee ensign
Neat and handy, O!
Notwithstanding all their brag,
Now the glorious British flag
At the Yankee's mizzen-peak
Was quite the dandy, O!

Successful Broke to you,
And your officers and crew,
Who on board the Shannon frigate
Fought so handy, O!
And may it ever prove
That in fighting as in love
The true British tar is the dandy, O!



THE LAMBERT MASTERPIECES
A PRIVATE ART GALLERY
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

BY
THOMAS R. MANLEY

PROBABLY few persons except those who are in a way to be informed in such matters are aware that some fifteen miles away from New York, in a factory town in the heart of New Jersey, is to be found one of the most interesting collections of pictures, both old and new, that this country contains.

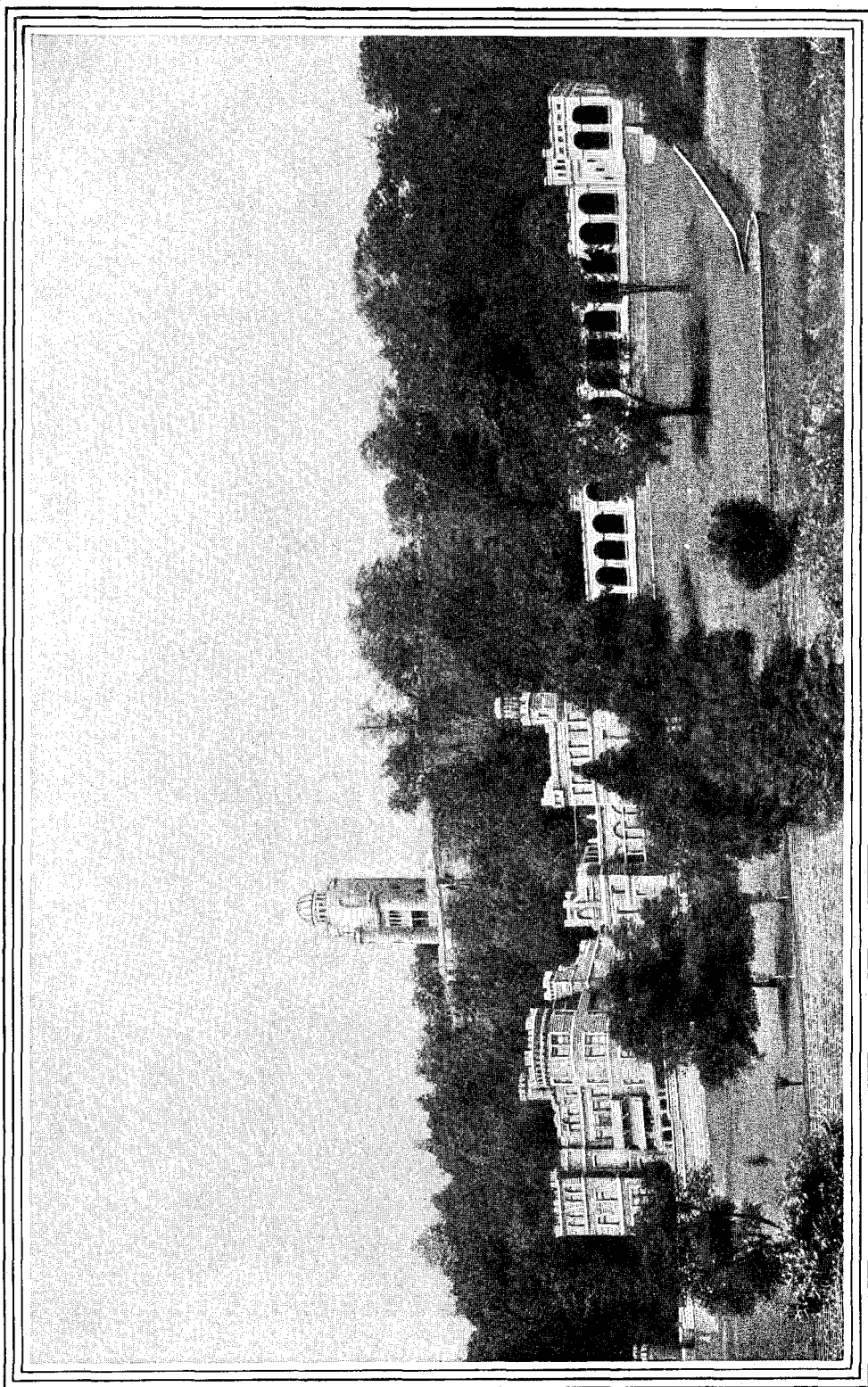
It does seem strange that a collection of some six hundred paintings, comprising some of the notable works of twenty-five or thirty masters of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries—including Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Ferdinand Bol, Botticelli, Reynolds, Raeburn, Romney, and Lawrence—should not somehow have come to the notice of the general public, especially when one considers that it is open to all. Perhaps it is because it is somewhat off the line of travel and in the country. Then, too, one does not associate art with a purely manufacturing town. If a New Yorker should be told that there was a collection of pictures in Paterson, he would be apt to say, "What must they be!"

By the invitation of The Outlook, I propose to give an account of my impressions on the occasion of my first visit to the gallery, and those of a more recent visit.

At first we went through the galleries rather cursorily and at random, accompanied by our host, whom we engaged in conversation regarding his life and work in collecting.

He is a man below the middle height, squarely built, with ruddy complexion and gray hair, of about sixty-seven. He is bluff and hearty in manner, likes his little joke, and is painstaking in explanation of anything pertaining to his pictures—a cheerful, energetic kind of man, with much determination written in his face. But back of a gay and jovial manner one feels a simple dignity, betraying an experience that has not been without its troubles.

The story of his life is briefly this: Born in Yorkshire, England, of humble parentage, he came to this country in 1851, at the age of sixteen. He landed at Boston, and, after tramping the streets for



BELLE VISTA CASTLE

two or three weeks, got employment as an office-boy in the firm of Dexter & Co., manufacturers of silk in that city. In four years he was made a member of the firm. Within ten years he was the sole head of the business, and has been so ever since. In 1860 the mills were removed to Paterson, New Jersey, not far from his present residence.

A manufacturer of silk and a resident of the city of Paterson, he has succeeded well in business, though with the times of stress that most men pass through, and may be called a rich man. With all his wealth, however, he is still of the people. There is none of the snob in him. He sympathizes with and likes the men who work for him. His galleries are open to them. He gives the same attention to them as to the rich—perhaps even more. He does not sympathize with those who keep their treasures closed to the great public, but believes that fine pictures and works of art generally should be free to all—like the Bible—to purify, to delight and ennoble. No one needs card or introduction to see this collection. Sunday afternoons it is open to all, and Mr. Lambert is always there himself to receive and direct you to his favorites.

Within the limits of this article I shall not be able to do more than mention a few of the pictures that seem to me most worthy of note.

One hardly knows where to begin, whether with the English or Dutch schools, which are about equally represented as to number and quality. However, we will first consider the former, and begin with the Lawrences. Of these there is one that deserves serious attention. It is a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, a half-length, strong and dignified, with the air of a man used to command. There is no conscious posing such as one feels so often in the women by the same painter, who are apt to be too coy and precious in attitude and expression. This Wellington is simple, direct, soldierly, thoughtful, a severe face and yet not unkind. The workmanship, too, is good, subdued in tone, with little color, yet that rich and telling. The coloring in the pictures by Lawrence, with the loose, free brush-work, is the principal charm they have for me. There are a number of portraits of women which have much beauty of color, but the

faces do not haunt one. In Reynolds the faces are a principal factor. Even in those which have entered the sere and yellow leaf period, shorn of all their early glory of color, the expression remains and yields a something individual that the memory lays hold of—a distinct personality. One of the best of the Lawrences other than that described above is "The Sisters," two little girls standing together, very sweet and pretty and unconscious. A reproduction of this is given.

Of the portraits by George Romney I recall two—one of Sir William Herschel and one of an old lady, name unknown, which does not come out well in the half-tone, and so was not chosen for reproduction. The former is a strong, characteristic head, but the latter is as beautiful a piece of painting as one would care to see, fine in color and tone, and brushed in as only Romney could do it. The expression, too, is fine—a sweet, brooding, old, motherly face. To see this alone is worth a pilgrimage to a place further away than Paterson.

There are several by Sir Joshua Reynolds, three in not very good condition—but two I recall with the coloring fairly preserved. That of the Countess of Rockingham has much refinement of line and expression. The coloring is delicate, being in blues, whites, and grays. A portrait of himself is vigorously painted in solid pigment, and one cannot but wish he had used this method in all of his works. Many would still be giving us delight that have little left of painting to recommend them, having been restored to nothingness. There are two or three of these pale ghosts, interesting only for the charm of expression, one of a sweet old lady, perhaps a maiden lady, delicate, refined, having lived much indoors—a house-plant, with not enough of sunshine. You can hear the quaver in her voice as she speaks down the hundred and fifty years since she passed away. Quaint dweller in Cranford—as Mr. Lambert says, "patroness of a Sunday-school who subscribes her five pounds yearly out of her modest income."

I pass by the work of Henry Raeburn, fine as it is, with a mere mention, and, though loth to leave the charm of the old English school, I turn from it to the grave and serious school of Rembrandt



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

The Countess of Rockingham.

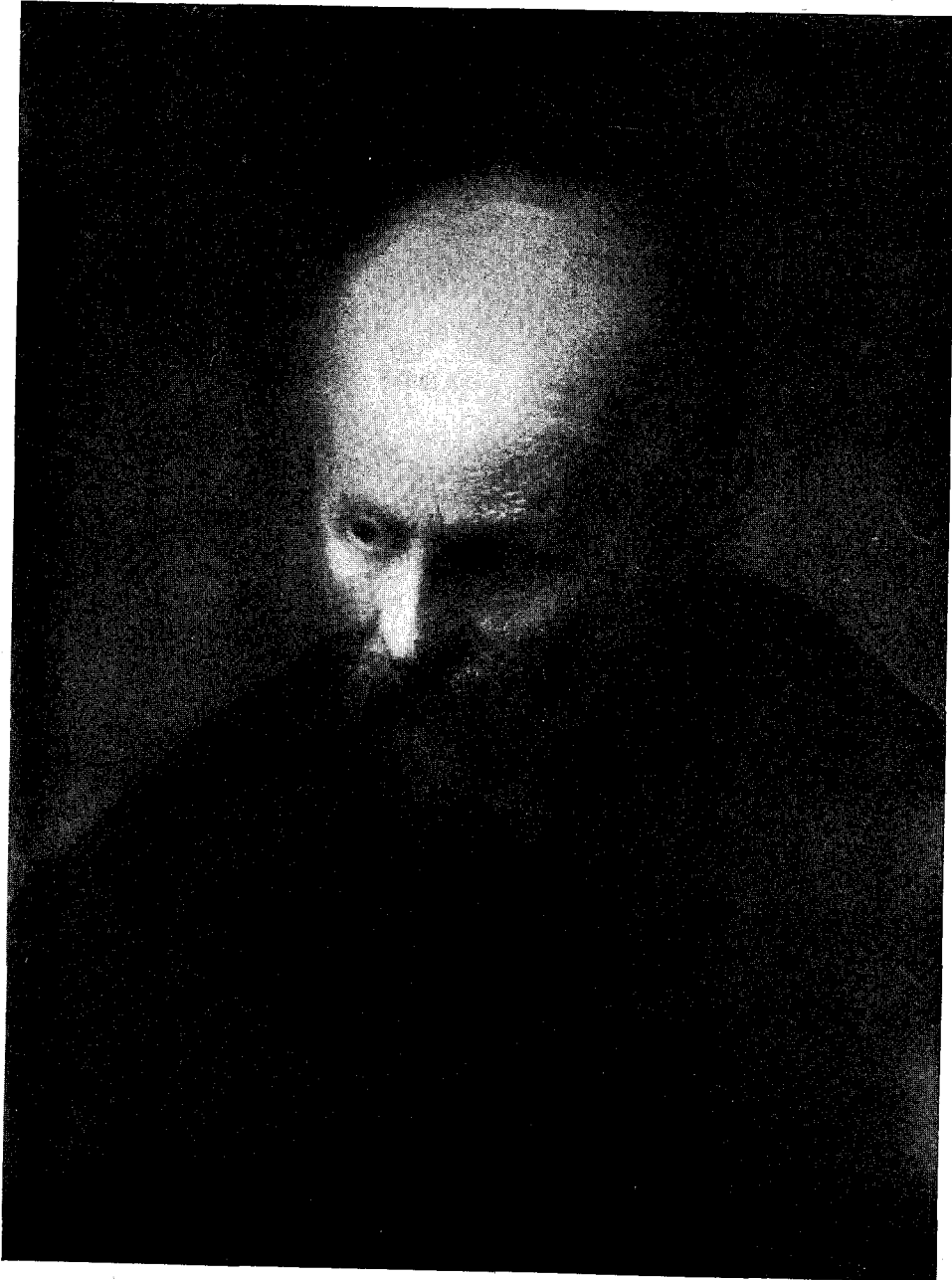
and Ferdinand Bol, to that of Miervelt, Van der Helst, Ravestyn, Pourbus, Matthew Elias, and others. First among them is Rembrandt, whose picture "Joseph Relating his Dream" seems to me one of the finest pictures in the gallery. Its rich and transparent coloring, dull red-browns and grays, with soft lights and deep mysterious shadows, gives one a feeling of great repose. The expression of the old man is so intent and serious, and the whole scene is so natural, that it affects one as the real thing—a strong, sincere work, and, after all, sincerity is one of the greatest qualities in art; without

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it the cleverest artist must pass down in the second rank. Let there be a false note in a picture, a striving for applause, a touch of consciousness, and, no matter what the other excellences, of color or line or technique, it takes a second place. Sincerity is a distinguishing trait of the great Dutch and German schools. Yet, after all, characterize as we may, it is difficult for an artist to say what he likes most in a great picture. He says it has this quality or that, dignity, repose, balance, truth to nature, beauty of line, color, or tone; but none of these, nor all taken together, is that which most attracts him.

It is hard to express in words what one does not often give expression to but merely feels. A great picture *lives*, and has the attraction which *all* life has for one when he comes to a realization of it. It has inscrutable reserve, which reveals but little beyond that it lives, and this only to our best moments. Some pictures we like for only one quality, say color, some

for tone, some for drawing; but there are others that we like because they are native to our spirit, to our whole selves, and we are drawn to them by an irresistible attraction. The greatest thing in art is unanalyzable. To meet us in this wise a picture must have been painted by a man who was single in purpose and sincere, and this art reflects himself or the greatest



REMBRANDT'S APOSTLE

part of him. He does not always please us, nor indeed ever in all things. We could perhaps have even aided him with our criticism, saying, "Give us a little more beauty here—a little more grace of line or movement." But we weren't on hand, thank God! And the vastness of accomplishment and bulk of the whole man comes down to us as a fact that must be reckoned with. We take him for what he was, all in all.

A man of such sincerity and proportions is Rembrandt—for he still is—great, mysterious, inscrutable. In the Lambert collection are five or six pictures by him, those other than the one mentioned above being portraits and studies—one of his wife, one of his mother, one of an old man, perhaps a priest, and an Apostle. That of his mother, or Woman Praying, is particularly fine. The one of his wife looks as if it might also be fine from the reproduction in the portfolio which Mr. Lambert has had made, but, as it was away from the gallery when I visited it, I did not see the original.

There is a portrait of him by his pupil Ferdinand Bol, which looks as though Rembrandt himself had done it—a sad, proud face of a man of middle age who bends not nor breaks. There is one very like this in the Munich gallery, until lately ascribed to Ferdinand Bol, but now labeled by Rembrandt. Could not this also be ascribed to the greater master? It is fine enough.

Of those beside Rembrandt of the Dutch school, Van Ostade, Jan Looten, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Miervelt, Van der Helst, Matthew Elias, Ravestyn, and Pourbus are represented by pictures of more or less merit—all, however, on a high plane.

Of these I should particularize Pourbus the Younger's head of a young woman of aristocratic face and dress; here we have a charming personation—sweet, wholesome, beautiful, intelligent, the face exquisitely modeled, living and spirituelle. It draws one again and again, in spite of its mathematical execution, with a haunting charm.

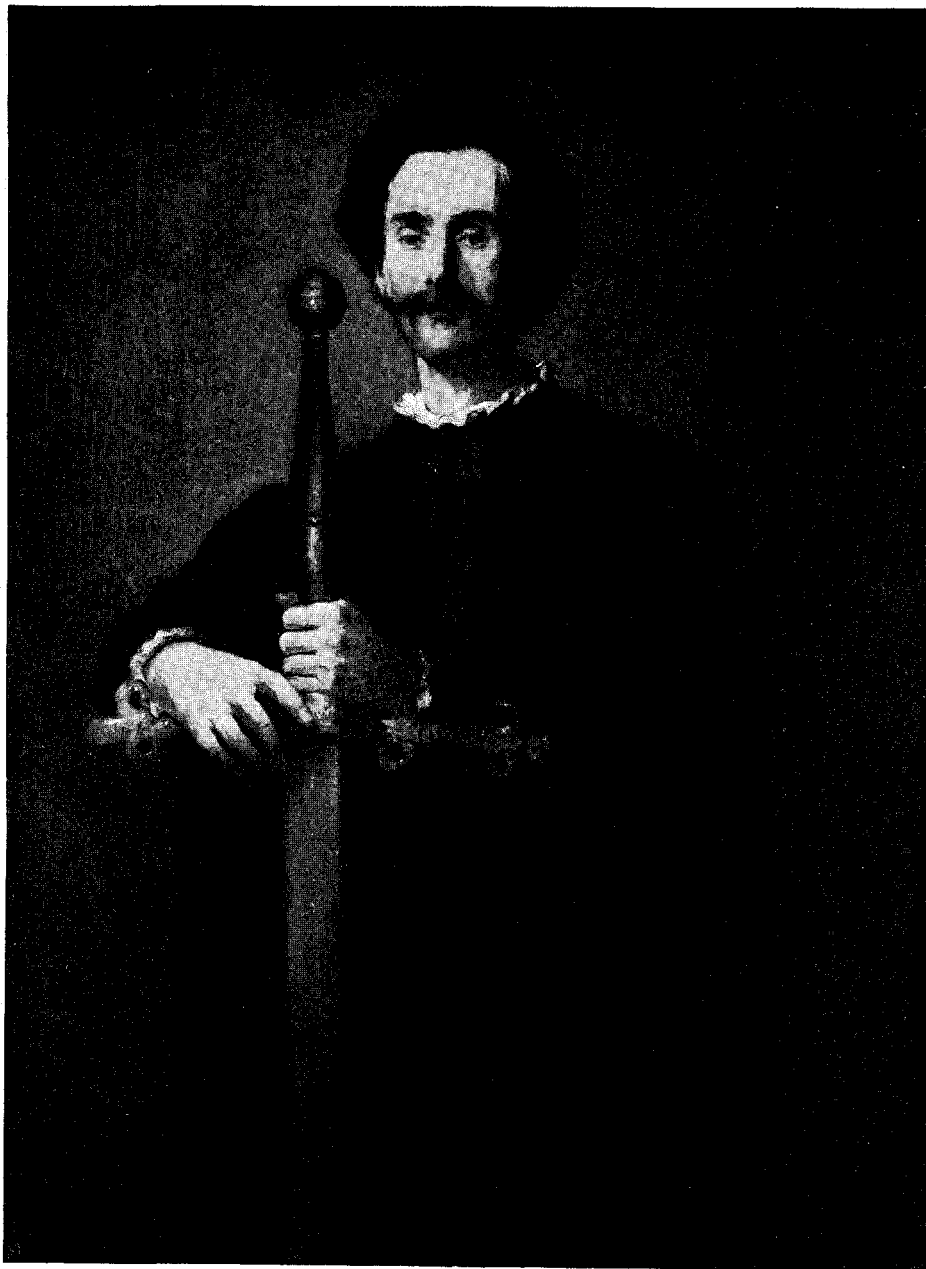
Of examples by Van Dyck there are several: a standing portrait of a man, a portrait of a burgomaster, a "Venus and Cupid," and a marriage of St. Catherine. Of these, the portrait of a burgomaster seems to me the finest. It may be classed

with his best things. The placing, the color, the modeling, the expression, are all as they should be. The style is Van Dyck's best, with a certain grandeur and finality, as "I have said it."

In the picture by Rubens, "Virgin and the Infant Jesus," the human part in it is nothing—not to speak of the super-human. A still life with as fine color would be perhaps more interesting. To an earlier period belongs a head of the Virgin by Quentin Matsys, which, in spite of its archaic treatment and conventional proportions of feature, is full of a devoutness and self-surrender that religious painters cannot realize in our day. A picture also by Sandro Botticelli, a Virgin and Child, has much of this quality. In this it is surpassing tenderness, a love that encompasses and sustains with bare interposition of the material. The hands sustain no weight. They scarce touch the Child. The Virgin's head is bent in excess of tenderness, love, and adoration. There is naught for display in such work. It is very naïve in drawing and ill constructed, but what of it! We could not well do without it. It has a penetrating quality and charm, a crystalline purity, which shows art as the true handmaid of religion. If *we* do not paint such pictures, it is because our faith is no longer so implicit or simple or comprehensive. Nowadays there are too many subtractions to be made.

Times had begun to change ere Titian, Van Dyck, Rubens, and Veronese came upon the scene. Theirs is a very different art. They celebrated life—its vigor, its beauty, its joy. The ascetic spirit had died out with the coming of the Renaissance, or was rapidly doing so. Since then we have had all kinds of art except religious art. The nearest approach we make to it in our day is that art which is finely and nobly human, as in Millet and Josef Israels.

A connecting link between the spirit of the two ages is a Holy Family by Francia Bigio, full of a grave and sweet beneficence, sweet motherly joy and responsive childish love. One is always discovering new pictures to admire in this gallery. This last one I had passed by several times without noticing, until, on the occasion of my last visit, my attention was called to it by Mr. Lambert, who said it

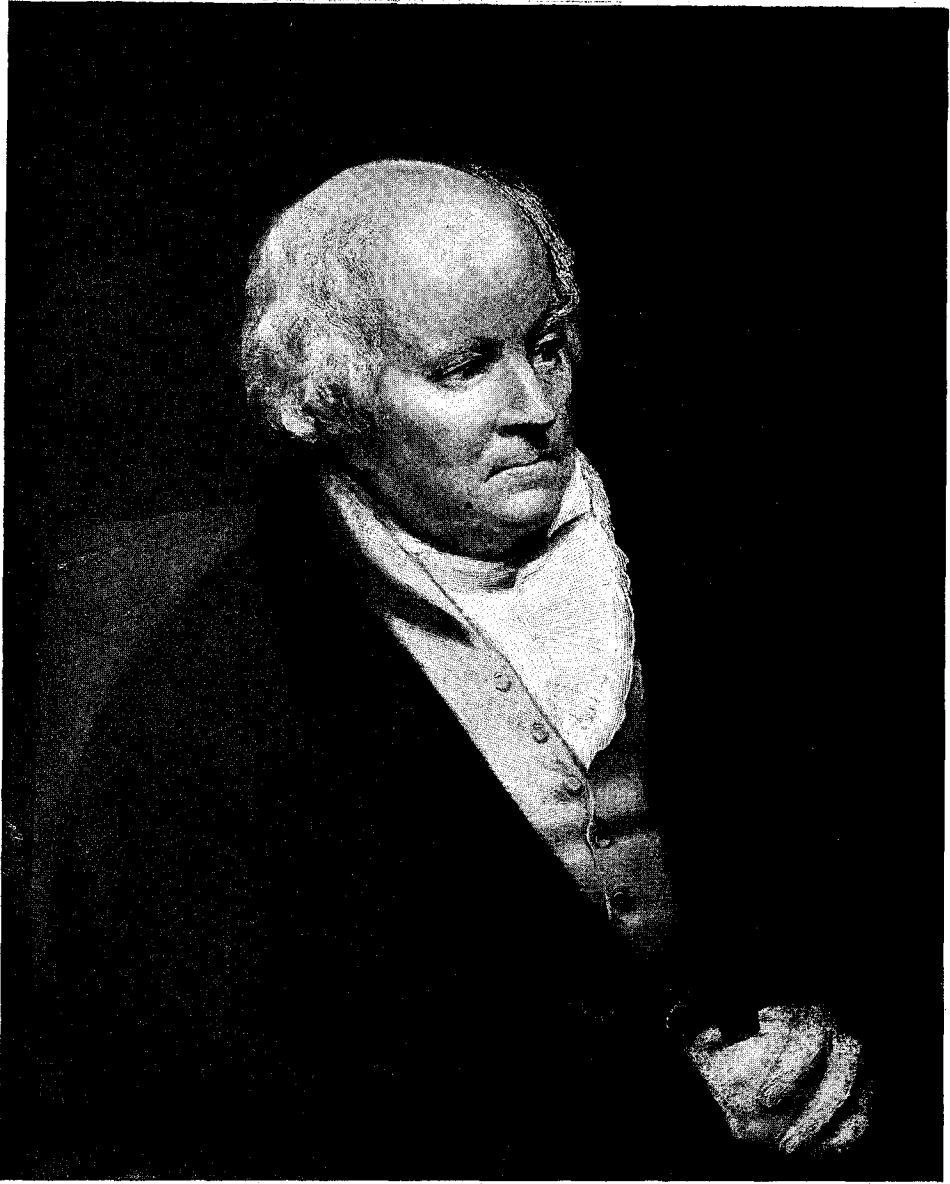


DESBUTINS

Man with Sword.

was one of the two pictures in his gallery that he would try to save first if fire should break out. I can now see why, for it wonderfully grows upon one. The other picture so necessary to him is one of about the same period, but of unknown authorship. He thinks it may be by Luini, and is sure it is good enough to

have been done by Leonardo. The subject is St. John the Baptist—a pale, colorless face, with soft, gentle eyes and an expression of sweet sadness—such it seems to me, but I am sure that I do not get out of it what its owner does. The background is a wonderful tone of green, of great depth and transparency.



GEORGE ROMNEY

Sir William Herschel.

A Guercino—Christ showing the wound in his side to his disciples—has several strongly modeled heads with rich color. It is an effective picture, but has little nobility of expression, not even from a purely human standpoint. Most of the so-called religious paintings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, barring some of the Dutch, were anything but what the name implied.

Of the Spaniards, there are a Lareda, a

Bartolomé Murillo, and a Pacheco, the latter one of the most charming things in the collection. It is a Portrait of a Spanish Lady—a very young lady, scarcely more than fifteen. The face is filled with a sweet girlish innocence, and yet withal a certain dignity and nobility of bearing. You feel that you would like to have known her; but, wanting that pleasure, that you would like to gaze upon her sweet presentment whenever wearied with



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

The Sisters.

the scramble of life. There is something so serene and untroubled about her. This Pacheco was a son-in-law of Velasquez, and the young lady was the daughter of the latter. Some little gift of portrayal must have come to Pacheco from mere propinquity. There is not the style of Velasquez in the work. Still, it is beautifully done, the gold embroidery of the gown over the cool pink of the stuff being very skillfully rendered. The flesh tones are fresh and pure. Time has not dimmed it, only enveloped it in a richer atmosphere.

The first picture bought by Mr. Lambert when he began to collect was a landscape by George Michel, away back in 1860 or thereabouts. It happened in this way. He was in the habit of going to Italy every year to buy raw silk for his firm. The firm made him a certain allowance for expenses, and on this trip he had by economy saved something out of it. When in Paris, on his return from Italy, he happened to see and like a landscape which he saw in the window of a picture-store, and, going within, asked its price. He

was told that the price was three hundred dollars. "Well," he said, "I do not feel that I can afford to pay that for it. It has struck my fancy and seems to me a good landscape. I thought if I could afford it I would like to buy it, but I could not pay your price." The salesman asked him if he knew who painted it. He said he did not, nor in truth would it have done him much good if he had, as he knew absolutely nothing of painters or art. "So you've never heard of Michel?" "No; as I've said, I just liked the picture, and if one hundred and fifty dollars will buy it, I will take it." "Well, young man," said the salesman, "since you've taken such a fancy to the picture and have had the good taste to like a Michel,

you shall have it at your price. In time you will probably learn more about pictures and buy more." This salesman was M. Ruel, of the well-known firm, and time has proved him right. Mr. Lambert has bought more and more from that time to this, and has come to know a good thing when he sees it.

Mr. Lambert says that as he prospered in business he gave more and more attention to pictures, and, making frequent trips to Europe, he had a chance to study them in the galleries. His wife was also interested in them, and helped him with her suggestions. Those days, some thirty years ago, were not the palmy days of the present, when multi-millionaires cheerfully pay anywhere from fifty thousand to five hun-



REMBRANDT
Joseph Relating His Dream.



SANDRO BOTTICELLI
Virgin and Child.

dred thousand dollars for an authentic old master of the best quality. Mr. Lambert paid no such sums for his fine paintings; he bought at such prices—being a shrewd man of business—that his pictures might prove a good investment, and he says that he has little doubt that his collection is worth at the present time tenfold what he paid for it.

This Michel landscape, the beginning of the collection, was but the first of many. There are twenty-one now, and most of them fine in quality. There is a large one—a vast expanse of hill and plain, with a rolling gray sky which appeals strongly to the imagination. There is a solemn immensity in it, together with great beauty of tone.



PACHECO
The Daughter of Velasquez.

The gallery is not rich in the Barbizon school. A Rousseau, a Diaz or two, a Daubigny, a Corot, a Troyon, two by Jules Dupré, and one by Delacroix—that is about all. The Daubigny is a gem, to be sure, very fresh and delightful in color, and there is a large Diaz, a figure piece, also a fair landscape, but they do not hold up the average as a whole. Mr. Lambert seems to have had a passion for

Monticelli, for he has two score of pictures by him, ranging from a ten-minute sketch to an elaborate, highly finished picture; a great colorist, even the briefest sketches showing it.

Somewhat akin to him, at least in color-sense, though not in brilliancy, our American Blakelock is very fully represented. Some of the pictures are very beautiful. There is one large moonlight

as fine as anything of the kind I have ever seen.

In the same room with the moonlight is a picture which, though mentioned late in this article, is to be placed with the very best of the collection. It is not by an old master nor yet by the newest, but by one Desbutins, a Frenchman, now dead, whose name is not much known other than by connoisseurs. It is a simple town guardsman, standing, with hands resting on the hilt of a two-handed sword. The man looks out of the canvas toward the spectator with eyes slightly cast down as though abstracted. The attitude is erect and dignified, with a great reserve. The face is not handsome—rather thin and pinched, perhaps; but you do not notice details in the general feeling which breathes from it. It is like one of those austere old knights who look down on you from the pages of history or romance, such as perhaps a Giorgione might give us. It is one of the few pictures that holds in the memory, and it seems to me to have the quality of true greatness.

Mr. Lambert has not, however, confined himself to the painters in tone and the colorists; he has quite a number of paintings by artists of wholly dissimilar methods and aims—as, for example, those of the impressionist school—Monet, Sisley, Renoir, and others.

It may be asked, "If there is such a collection as you describe in New Jersey, in a third-class manufacturing town, why is it there? Why is it not rather in this great city of New York, where there are hundreds interested in such things to one in Paterson and the surrounding country? It is a shame that it should be hidden in the wilds." To all which I reply that it is in Paterson because the *man* lives there who has made it. He lives with it. It is a part of his life. His strength and love have gone into it, and it will probably remain there as long as he has life and strength to care for it. A great work is always inspired by a *man* who is on hand to guide or direct. In the gathering together of these pictures it should be emphasized that it has been the force and will and the love of one man for things that are fine and beautiful that has accomplished the result—and this result reflects the man. They are his in reality. He

knows them all by heart. He knows where each one came from. He has a special feeling for each one; they live for him. This love for pictures was doubtless inborn. In his business, to be sure, his eye was in some sort trained to see color and to appreciate justness of form. But there are many silk manufacturers who are not collectors of old masters.

It is indeed a most encouraging thing when we find a man engaged in mercantile pursuits, in a business of many ramifications, all tending to blunt the finer perceptions, yet stealing time for self-cultivation in the fine arts. Here is a man who, by the force of native character and resolution, has raised himself from the lowest rung to the highest as to wealth, and, while doing this, has amassed a collection of pictures second to none in the country, by his own efforts and by the exercise of his own taste; and now he gives the freedom of his galleries to the public, poor and rich. It is an example that it would be pleasant to see other rich men follow—men who, like him, have fine galleries. What the people of this country need is opportunity to become familiar with the great art of other ages. This is the preliminary cultivation which will enable a great art to arise among us. There must be a considerable mass of sympathy and appreciation in the people before artists can give the best they are capable of. Instruction in drawing in the schools is all very well—a most desirable thing—but more is needed. The young should be able to see fine pictures freely. There is a field for some kind-hearted millionaire. And next to the originals good photographs of them to cover the walls of the schools would do much good. Some few schools are already provided, but all should have them.

Among those who are giving away vast fortunes in the endowment of various useful institutions, perhaps some one will be found ere long to endow our common schools, so that they shall be able to buy photographs of the most beautiful works of art, ancient and modern, that children may imbibe the spirit of art unconsciously along with the more practical instruction. Then, with fine collections of paintings open to the public, we shall feel that all is being done that can be.

Admiral Kempff

By William Elliot Griffis

IS the moral grandeur of a fighter, who for his country's sake refuses to fight, less than that of him who sinks an enemy's fleet? A hero and patriot, who stood true to all our noblest traditions in the hour of temptation, when the highest judicial poise and practical wisdom were necessary, is Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, a veteran of forty years' service. In command of the American naval forces in China on the night of June 16, 1900, he refused, because it was un-American, to join the Russian, British, German, French, Italian, Austrian, and Japanese allies in bombarding the Taku forts. Such an act wantonly declared war on China. It was not with the American a question of size or armament, for he had the Newark and Monocacy, and of the thirty-six ships in the combined fleet only eight small ships could and did operate. It was upon Kempff's wise and patriotic action that President McKinley and Secretary Hay could and did base their subsequent diplomatic action, the wisdom and propriety of which, amply vindicated before the world, have given the United States a leading position in China.

I asked one of the very highest of our sea-fighters, still on active duty, what he would have done had he been in Admiral Kempff's place. One of Farragut's aids, but now gray with forty years of honorable service in all seas, he answered immediately, "Oh, I am quite sure that *my feelings* would have prompted me to join with the Europeans and Japanese, and I should have sailed in; but, nevertheless, Kempff was entirely right. He did the *only* justifiable thing." "It was a sudden emergency," I remarked, "and I want you to tell me whether Admiral Kempff acted by orders from his superiors in Washington, or whether he guided his course according to his own conviction." "It was entirely at his own promptings that Kempff acted," said the Rear-Admiral. "There was no time to hear from Washington, and so Kempff acted in just the right way." Then he added, of his own accord, "I have known Kempff for many years, and have been impressed

with his manhood and his qualities as an officer. He has grown steadily in my estimation, and I justify him fully."

Let us look at the whole situation in the cool light of history. What Louis Kempff did was to sacrifice personal impulse, and that desire for glory and fame which is the vital spring of every soldier, and to act with true patriotism—a patriotism that has no connection with popular huzzahs, but which allies itself to that of the noblest and most unselfish lovers of their country, from Washington to McKinley.

Our national relations with China had always been peaceful. Even as colonists under the flag of Great Britain, our fathers' commerce with the Middle Kingdom enriched our land. Within a few months of the signing of a treaty of peace in 1783, the American ship *Empress*, loaded with ginseng, sailed on Washington's Birthday to Canton, with one of the young artillery officers of the Revolution, Major Gray, as supercargo. He raised the new flag, and direct trade opened at once. Many Americans made fortunes, and Chinese names appeared upon our maps, especially in the new West, where Pekin and Canton (in Ohio, *e. g.*) are frequent names. Our own men-of-war joined with British ships to strengthen the hands of the Chinese Government, to make the sea-paths and commerce safe. They improved piracy off the face of the earth, but never did any of our officers join with French or British in "entangling alliances" to disturb Chinese order, or to force commerce at the cannon's mouth. When, in 1856, the Chinese gunners in the Barrier forts, ignorant of our flag, fired upon Americans, Commodore Foote, in the old wooden sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* (now lying in the North River at Hoboken), taught the Chinamen some lessons from his 68-pounder shells, and our marines and sailors captured the main fort after a gallant charge. This skirmish was the only passage of arms ever engaged in by American and Chinese forces, and when the Chinese commissioner Yeh said to our Minister Dr. Parker, "There is no matter of strife



REAR-ADMIRAL LOUIS KEMPF
Photograph by Taber, San Francisco,

between our respective nations," and asked that "the fashion of the flag which American ships employ be clearly defined," the whole incident was closed. Instead of demanding "apologies and guarantees," in British style, the Americans were content with a practical lesson promptly delivered on the spot. When Great Britain a little later asked the United States to co-operate for further war, our answer was "No," according to the policy initiated by Washington and the fathers.

What was the situation in June, 1900? A small mountain of books has been written since that time about the Boxer and other disturbances in China, but they lack moral perspective most woefully. They do not make clear the fact that even the siege of the Legations and the great military and naval movements were of small importance for the future of China and the world compared with the inward struggle between the native progressive and reactionary parties. Grant what has been said about the collusion of the Peking "Government" in the Boxer uprising, it is certain that until the firing upon the Taku forts by the allies the

situation was simply that of a mob besieging the Legations. So long as this was the case, the progressive Chinese statesmen in Peking could hold their pro-Boxer colleagues at bay and maintain peace. But from the moment the allies showed the awful power of modern shell fire in the Taku forts, their hands were paralyzed. They "lost face." Hostilities by the fleet meant only one thing—a declaration of war against China: full justification, in Chinese eyes, of the course of the anti-foreign statesmen in Peking, and the letting loose of the regular Chinese army against the foreigners; for self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Admiral Kempff knew the situation well. He maintained American traditions. His action gave the United States Government its fulcrum, on which the levers of diplomacy were to work. It justified Mr. Hay's superb statesmanship. In moral worth, the victory of Kempff was one equal to Dewey's or Sampson's—or Schley's—and he deserves from the American people, and especially from the American Government, due recognition of his righteous and patriotic act.

The Questing Foot

By Clinton Scollard

Now that the blue-flag stirs at the root,
This is the time of the questing foot!—

Time to loiter and laze along,
With never a thought save of meadow-song,

Or of woodland silence that filters through
To your spirit's core like the balm of dew!

Only a wisp of a cloud above,
White as the dreams of the one you love.

Underneath a turf whose sheen
Is the very glossiest gold and green;

A wind that lures you with subtle hints
Of upland balsams and lowland mints;

A something—call it charm or spell—
Elusive and intangible,

That leads one ever and ever away
On to the purple verge of day.

Now that the blue-flag stirs at the root,
O to fare on the questing foot!



Stopford A. Brooke

The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke holds a unique position in the English-speaking world. Born in Ireland in 1832, the son of a clergyman, graduating from Trinity College at Dublin, taking orders in the Church of England in 1857, holding various positions in that Church and seceding from it in 1880 by reason of change of view on certain fundamental questions, Mr. Brooke has been widely known as a preacher gifted with a deep consciousness of the reality of spiritual life and great freshness in dealing with it. In 1865 he published a life of Robertson, the first of a series of books dealing with religion or literature, notable for breadth of view, sanity of judgment, and catholicity of spirit, which have deeply interested even those who differ most radically from him. In 1876 he published his "Primer of English Literature," the most successful book of its kind which has yet appeared in our language. Matthew Arnold's comment upon it is still remembered. He has spoken of Tennyson as an artist and as an interpreter of modern life, of Milton, of Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, and Browning, with such keen intelligence and such sympathetic wisdom that his successive essays count as so many steps in the education of public appreciation of these writers. Some one recently described him as "a national asset;" a man who has popularized the study of literature without the least sacrifice of quality. Three years ago a course of lectures given by Mr. Brooke at University College, London, awakened so much enthusiasm that some of his listeners and friends were moved to establish "The Stopford Brooke Lectureship" as an expression of appreciation and as a practical recognition of the service which Mr. Brooke has rendered to English literature. They set out to raise a sum sufficient to endow in perpetuity a lectureship on poetry which should be called by Mr. Brooke's name and should be held by him so long as he is willing, and afterwards, under the direction of trustees of the fund, by men who shall carry on the work in his spirit. The movement awakened wide response, especially among men of letters; and a council which included Mr. Gosse, Mr. Stephen, Mr. Bryce, Lord Tennyson, Sir Walter Besant, George Meredith, and other men of letters was formed. The very moderate sum of \$15,000, which was fixed by the projectors of the plan, would easily have been raised had not the South African war overshadowed all other interests in England. It is proposed to give American students and lovers of Mr. Brooke an opportunity of contributing to this fund, and all those who care to express their appreciation of what Mr. Brooke has done for English literature will soon have an opportunity of co-operating with his friends in England.

Napoleonder¹

A Legend of the Russian Peasants

Translated by George Kennan

The following is a traditionary story of Napoleon I. and his Old Guard which has long been current among the Russian peasants, and which has recently been put into literary form by Mr. Alexander Amphiteatrof and published as a feuilleton in the "St. Petersburg Gazette." Mr. Amphiteatrof states, in a foot-note, that he obtained the legend from Mr. G. V. Butmi. As an original and characteristic specimen of Russian peasant folk-lore it seems to me to have more than ordinary interest and value. The treatment of the supernatural, in the first part of the story, may seem, to Occidental readers, rather daring and irreverent, but it is perfectly in harmony with the Russian peasant's anthropomorphic conception of Deity, and should be taken with due allowance for the educational limitations of the story-teller and his auditors. The Russian muzhik often brings God and the angels into his folk-tales, and does so without the least idea of treating them disrespectfully. He makes them talk in his own language, because he has no other language; and if the talk seems a little grotesque and irreverent, it is due to the low level of the narrator's literary culture, and not to any intention, on his part, of treating God and the angels with levity. The whole aim of the story is a moral and religious one. The narrator is trying, in his rude way, to show that sympathy and mercy are better than selfish ambition, and that war is not only immoral but irrational. The conversation between God, the angels, and the Devil is a mere prologue, intended to bring Napoleon and Ivan-angel on the stage and lay the foundation of the plot. The story-teller's keen sense of fun and humor is shown in many little touches, but he never means to be irreverent. The whole legend is set forth in the racy, idiomatic, highly elliptical language of the common Russian muzhik, and is therefore extremely difficult of translation; but I have tried to preserve, as far as possible, the spirit and flavor of the original. A recent Associated Press telegram from St. Petersburg announces that Mr. Amphiteatrof, the Russian author who edited and published this folk-tale over the pseudonym "Old Gentleman," has just been exiled to eastern Siberia for another peasant story called "Obmanoff," which was printed in the St. Petersburg daily newspaper "Rossia," and which was regarded by the authorities as a covert attack on the reigning Imperial family of Romanoff. "Rossia" was at once suppressed, and I am informed that the particular number of it which contains Mr. Amphiteatrof's story is now bringing, at surreptitious sales in St. Petersburg, twenty-five rubles per copy.—THE TRANSLATOR.

LONG ago—but not so very long ago, our grandfathers remember it—the Lord God wanted to punish the people of the world for their wickedness. So he began to think how and by what means he could punish them, and he called a council of his angels and arch-angels to talk about it. Says the arch-angel Michael to the Lord God, "Shake them up, the recreants, with an earthquake."

"We've tried that," says the Lord God. "Once upon a time we jolted to pieces Sodom and Gomorrah, but it didn't teach them anything. Since then pretty much all the towns have become Sodoms and Gomorrahs."

"How about famine?" says the arch-angel Gabriel.

"It would be too bad for the babies," replies the Lord God. "Famine would kill the babies; and, besides that, the

cattle must have food—they're not to blame."

"Drown them with a flood," suggests Raphael.

"Clean impossible!" says the Lord God. "Because, in the first place, I took an oath once that there should be no more floods, and I set the rainbow in the sky for an assurance. In the second place, the rascally sinners have become cunning; they'll get on steamboats and sail all over the flood."

Then all the archangels were perplexed and began to screw about in their seats, trying to invent or think of some calamity that would bring the wicked human race to its senses and stir up its conscience. But they had been accustomed, time out of mind, to do good rather than evil; they had forgotten all about the wickedness of the world, and they couldn't think of a single thing that would be of any use.

Then suddenly up comes Ivan-angel, a simple-minded soul whom the Lord God had appointed to look after the Russian muzhiks. He comes up and reports:

¹ The Russian peasant's name for Napoleon Bonaparte. The final syllable, "der," has perhaps been added because to the ear of the peasant "Napoleon" sounds clipped and incomplete, as "Alexan" would sound to us without the "der."

"Lord, Satan is outside there, asking for you. He doesn't dare to come in, because he smells bad;¹ so he's waiting in the entry."

Then the Lord God was rejoiced. "Call Satan in!" he ordered. "I know that rogue perfectly well, and he has come in the very nick of time. A scamp like that will be sure to think of something."

Satan came in. His face was as black as tanned calfskin, his voice was hoarse, and a long tail hung down from under his overcoat.

"If you so order," he says, "I'll distribute your calamities for you with my own hands."

"Go ahead with your distribution," says the Lord God; "nobody shall hinder you."

"Will you permit me," Satan says, "to bring about an invasion of foreigners?"

The Lord God shook his finger at Satan and cried: "Is that all you can think of? And you so wise!"

"Excuse me," Satan says. "Why doesn't my plan show wisdom?"

"Because," replies the Lord God, "you propose to afflict the people with war, and war is just what they want. They're all the time fighting among themselves, one people with another, and that's the very thing I want to punish them for."

"Yes," says Satan, "they're greedy for war, but that's only because they have never yet seen a real warrior. Send them a regular conqueror, and they'll soon drop their tails between their legs and cry, 'Have mercy, Lord—save us from the man of blood!'"

The Lord God was surprised. "Why do you say, my little brother, that the people have never seen a real warrior? The Tsar Herod was a conqueror; the Tsar Alexander subdued a wonderful lot of people; Ivan-Tsar destroyed Kazan; Mamai-Tsar, the furious, came with all his hordes; and the Tsar Peter, and the great fighter Anika—how many more conquerors do you want?"

"I want Napoleonder," says Satan.

"Napoleonder!" cries the Lord God. "Who's he? Where did he come from?"

"He's a certain little man," Satan says, "who may not be wise enough to hurt, but he's terribly fierce in his habits."

¹ That is, he brings with him the sulphurous odor of hell.

The Lord God to the archangel Gabriel—"Look in the Book of Life, Gabriel, and see if we've got Napoleonder written down."

The archangel looked and looked, but he couldn't look up any such person.

"There isn't any kind of Napoleonder in the Book," he says. "Satan is a liar. We haven't got Napoleonder written down anywhere."

Then Satan replies: "It isn't strange that you can't find Napoleonder in the Book of Life, because you write in that Book only the names of those who were born of human fathers and mothers, and who have navels. Napoleonder never had a father or a mother, and, moreover, he hasn't any navel—and that's so surprising that you might exhibit him, for money."

The Lord God was greatly astonished. "How did your Napoleonder ever get into the world?" he says.

"In this way," Satan replies. "I made him, as a doll, just for amusement, out of sand. At that very time, you, Lord, happened to be washing your holy face; and, not being careful, you let a few drops of the water of life splash over. They fell from heaven right exactly on Napoleonder's head, and he immediately took breath and became a man. He is living now, not very near nor very far away, on the island of Buan, in the middle of the ocean-sea. There is a little less than a verst of land in the island, and Napoleonder lives there and watches geese. Night and day he looks after the geese, without eating, or drinking, or sleeping, or smoking; and his only thought is—how to conquer the whole world."

The Lord God thought and thought, and then he ordered, "Bring him to me."

Satan at once brought Napoleonder into the bright heaven. The Lord God looked at him, and saw that he was a military man with shining buttons.

"I have heard, Napoleonder," says the Lord God, "that you want to conquer the whole world."

"Exactly so," replies Napoleonder; "that's what I want very much to do."

"And have you thought," says the Lord God, "that when you go forth to conquer you will crush many peoples and shed rivers of blood?"

"That's all the same to me," says Napoleonder; "the important thing for me is—how can I subdue the whole world."

"And will you not feel pity for the killed, the wounded, the burned, the ruined, and the dead?"

"Not in the least," says Napoleonder. "Why should I feel pity? I don't like pity. So far as I can remember, I was never sorry for anybody or anything in my life, and I never shall be."

Then the Lord God turns to the angels and says, "Messrs. Angels, this seems to be the very fellow for our business." Then, to Napoleonder, he says: "Satan was perfectly right. You are worthy to be the instrument of my wrath, because a pitiless conqueror is worse than earthquake, famine, or deluge. Go back to the earth, Napoleonder; I turn over to you the whole world, and through you the whole world shall be punished."

Napoleonder says: "Give me armies and luck, and I'll do my best."

Then the Lord God says, "Armies you shall have, and luck you shall have; and so long as you are merciless, you shall never be defeated in battle; but remember that the moment you begin to feel sorry for the shedding of blood—of your own people or of others—that moment your power will end. From that moment your enemies will defeat you, and you shall finally be made a prisoner, be put into chains, and be sent back to Buan Island to watch geese. Do you understand?"

"Exactly so," says Napoleonder; "I understand, and I will obey. I shall never feel pity."

Then the angels and the archangels began to say to God: "Lord, why have you laid upon him such a frightful command? If he goes forth so, without mercy, he will kill every living soul on earth—he will leave none for seed."

"Be silent!" replied the Lord God. "He will not conquer long. He is altogether too brave; because he fears neither others nor himself. He thinks he will keep from pity, and does not know that pity, in the human heart, is stronger than all else, and that not a man living is wholly without it."

"But," the archangels say, "he is not a man—he is made of sand."

The Lord God replies: "Then you

think he didn't receive a soul, when my water of life fell on his head?"

Napoleonder gathered together a great army, speaking twelve languages, and went forth to war. He conquered the Germans, he conquered the Turks, he subdued the Swedes and the Poles. He reaped as he marched, and left bare the country through which he passed. And all the time he remembers the condition of success—pity for none. He cuts off heads, burns villages, outrages women, and tramples children under his horses' hoofs. He desolates the whole Mohammedan kingdom—and still he is not sated. Finally he marches on a Christian country—on Holy Russia.

In Russia, then, the Tsar was Alexander the Blessed—the same Tsar who stands now on the top of the column in Petersburg-town and blesses the people with a cross, and that's why he is called "the Blessed."

When he saw Napoleonder marching against him with twelve languages, Alexander the Blessed felt that the end of Russia was near. He called together his generals and field-m Marshals and said to them, "Messrs. Generals and Field-m Marshals, how can I check this Napoleonder? He is pressing us terribly hard."

The generals and field-m Marshals reply, "We can't do anything, your Majesty, to stop Napoleonder, because God has given him a word."

"What kind of a word?"

"This kind—'Bonaparty.'"

"But what does 'Bonaparty' mean, and why is a single word so terrible?"

"It means, your Majesty, six hundred and sixty-six—the number of the Beast¹—and it is terrible because when Napoleonder sees, in a battle, that the enemy is very brave, that his own strength is not enough, and that his own men are falling fast,² he immediately conjures with this same word, 'Bonaparty,' and at that instant—as soon as the word is pronounced—all the soldiers that have ever served under him and have died for him on the field of battle come back from beyond the grave. He leads them afresh against the enemy, as if they were alive,

¹ A reference to the Beast of the Apocalypse. "The number of the beast is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six." Rev. xiii., 18.

² Literally, "lying down with their bones."

and nothing can stand against them, because they are a ghostly force, not an army of this world."

Alexander the Blessed grew sad; but, after thinking a moment, he said: "Messrs. Generals and Field-m Marshals, we Russians are a people of more than ordinary courage. We have fought with all nations, and never yet, before any of them, have we laid our faces in the dust. If God has brought us, at last, to fight with corpses—His holy will be done! We will go against the dead!"

So he led his army to the field of Kulikova, and there waited for the miscreant Napoleonder. And soon afterward Napoleonder, the evil one, sends him an envoy with a paper saying, "Submit, Alexander Blagoslovenni, and I will show you favor above all others."

But Alexander the Blessed was a proud man, who held fast his self-respect. He would not speak to the envoy, but he took the paper that the envoy had brought and drew on it an insulting picture, with the words, "Is this what you want?" and sent it back to Napoleonder.

Then they fought and slashed one another on the field of Kulikova, and, in a short time or a long time, our men began to overcome the forces of the enemy. One by one they shot or cut down all of Napoleonder's field-m Marshals, and finally drew near to Napoleonder himself.

"Your time has come!" they cry to him. "Surrender!"

But the villain sits there on his horse, rolling his goggle eyes like an owl, and grinning.

"Wait a minute," he says coolly. "Don't be in too big a hurry. A tale is short in telling, but the deed is long a-doing."

Then he pronounces his conjuring word, "Bonaparty"—six hundred and sixty-six—the number of the Beast.

Instantly there is a great rushing sound, and the earth is shaken as if by an earthquake. Our soldiers look—and drop their hands. In all parts of the field appear threatening battalions, with bayonets shining in the sun, torn flags waving over terrible hats of fur, and tramp! tramp! tramp! on come the thousands of phantom men, with faces yellow as camomile, and empty holes under their bushy eyebrows.

Alexander, the Blessed Tsar, was

stricken with terror. Terror-stricken were all his generals and field-m Marshals. Terror-stricken also was the whole Russian army. Shaking with fear, they wavered at the advance of the dead, gave way suddenly in a panic, and finally fled in whatever direction their eyes happened to look.

The brigand Napoleonder sat on his horse, holding his sides with laughter, and shouted, "Aha! My old men are not to your taste! I thought so! This isn't like playing knuckle-bones with children and old women! Well, then, my honorable Messrs. Dead Men, I have never yet felt pity for any one, and you needn't show mercy to my enemies. Deal with them after your own fashion."

"As long as it is so," replied the corpse-soldiers, "we are your faithful servants always."

Our men fled from Kulikova-field to Pultava-field; from Pultava-field to the famous still-water Don; and from the peaceful Don to the field of Borodino, under the very walls of Mother Moscow. And as our men came to these fields, one after another, they turned their faces again and again toward Napoleonder, and fought him with such fierceness that the brigand himself was delighted with them. "God save us!" he exclaimed; "what soldiers these Russians are! I have not seen such men in any other country."

But, in spite of the bravery of our troops, we were unable to stop Napoleonder's march; because we had no word with which to meet his word. In every battle we pound him, and drive him back, and get him in a slip-noose; but just as we are going to draw it tight and catch him, the filthy, idolatrous thief bethinks himself and shouts "Bonaparty!" Then the dead men crawl out of their graves in full uniform, set their teeth, fix their eyes upon their officers, and charge! And where they pass, the grass withers and the stones crack. And our men are so terrified by these unclean bodies that they can't fight against them at all. As soon as they hear that accursed word "Bonaparty," and see the big fur hats and the yellow faces of the dead men, they throw down their guns and rush into the woods to hide.

"Say what you will, Alexander Blago-

slovenni," they cry, "for corpses we are not prepared."

Alexander the Blessed reproached his men, and said, "Wait a little, brothers, before you run away. Let's exert ourselves a little more. Dog that he is, he can't beat us always. God has set a limit for him somewhere. To-day is his, to-morrow may be his, but after a while the luck perhaps will turn."

Then he went to the old hermit-monks in the caves of Kiev and on the island of Valaam, and bowed himself at the feet of all the archimandrites and metropolitans, saying, "Pray for us, Holy Fathers, and beseech the Lord God to turn away his wrath; because we haven't strength enough to defend you from this Napoleonder."

Then the old hermit-monks and the archimandrites and the metropolitans all prayed, with tears in their eyes, to the Lord God, and prostrated themselves until their knees were all black and blue and there were big bumps on their foreheads. With tearful eyes, the whole Russian people, too, from the Tsar to the last beggar, prayed God for mercy and help. And they took the sacred ikon of the Holy Mother of God of Smolensk, the pleader for the grief-stricken, and carried it to the famous field of Borodino, and, bowing down before it, with tearful eyes, they cried, "O Most Holy Mother of God, thou art our life and our hope! Have mercy on us, and intercede for us soon."

And down the dark face of the ikon, from under the setting of pearls in the silver frame, trickled big tears. And all the army and all God's people saw the sacred ikon crying. It was a terrible thing to see, but it was comforting.

Then the Lord God heard the wail of the Russian people and the prayers of the Holy Virgin, the Mother of God of Smolensk, and he cried out to the angels and the archangels, "The hour of my wrath has passed. The people have suffered enough for their sins and have repented of their wickedness. Napoleonder has destroyed nations enough. It's time for him to learn mercy. Who of you, my servants, will go down to the earth—who will undertake the great work of softening the conqueror's heart?"

The older angels and the archangels didn't want to go. "Soften his heart!" they cried. "He is made of sand—he

hasn't any navel—he is pitiless—we're afraid of him!"

Then Ivan-angel stepped forward and said, "I'll go."

At that very time Napoleonder had just gained a great victory and was riding over the field of battle on a greyhound of a horse. He trampled with his horse's hoofs on the bodies of the dead, without pity or regret, and the only thought in his mind was, "As soon as I have done with Russia, I'll march against the Chinese and the white Arabs; and then I shall have conquered exactly the whole world."

But just at that moment he heard some one calling, "Napoleonder! O Napoleonder!" He looked around, and not far away, under a bush on a little mound, he saw a wounded Russian soldier, who was beckoning to him with his hand. Napoleonder was surprised. What could a wounded Russian soldier want of him? He turned his horse and rode to the spot.

"What do you want?" he asked the soldier.

"I don't want anything of you," the wounded soldier replied, "except an answer to one question. Tell me, please, what have you killed me for?"

Napoleonder was still more surprised. In the many years of his conquering he had wounded and killed a multitude of men; but he had never been asked that question before. And yet this Russian soldier didn't look as if he had anything more than ordinary intelligence. He was just a young, boyish fellow, with light flaxen hair and blue eyes—evidently a new recruit from some country village.

"What do you mean—'killed you for'?" said Napoleonder. "I had to kill you. When you went into the army, didn't you take an oath that you would die?"

"I know what oath I took, Napoleonder, and I'm not making a fuss about dying; but you—why did you kill me?"

"Why shouldn't I kill you," said Napoleonder, "when you were the enemy—that is, my foe—come out to fight me on the field of Borodino?"

"Cross yourself, Napoleonder!" said the young soldier. "How could I be your foe, when there has never been any sort of quarrel between us? Until you came into our country, and I was drafted into the army, I had never even heard of

you. And here you have killed me—and how many more like me!”

“I killed,” said Napoleonder, “because it was necessary for me to conquer the world.”

“But what have I got to do with your conquering the world?” replied the soldier. “Conquer it, if you want to—I don’t hinder—but why did you kill me? Has killing me given you the world? The world doesn’t belong to me. You’re not reasonable, brother Napoleonder. And is it possible that you really think you can conquer the whole world?”

“I’m very much of that opinion,” replied Napoleonder.

The little soldier smiled. “You’re really stupid, Napoleonder,” he said. “I’m sorry for you. As if it were possible to conquer the whole world!”

“I’ll subdue all the kingdoms,” replied Napoleonder, “and put all peoples in chains, and then I’ll reign as Tsar of all the earth.”

The soldier shook his head. “And God?” he inquired. “Will you conquer him?”

Napoleonder was confused. “No,” he finally said. “God’s will is over us all; and in the hollow of his hand we live.”

“Then what’s the use of your conquering the world?” said the soldier. “God is all; therefore the world won’t belong to you, but to him. And you’ll live just so long as he has patience with you, and no longer.”

“I know that as well as you do,” said Napoleonder.

“Well, then,” replied the soldier, “if you know it, why don’t you reckon with God?”

Napoleonder scowled. “Don’t say such things to me!” he cried. “I’ve heard that sanctimonious stuff before. ‘It’s of no use—you can’t fool me—I don’t know any such thing as pity.’”

“Indeed!” said the soldier, “is it so? Have a care, Napoleonder! You are swaggering too much. You lie when you say a man can live without pity. To have a soul, and to feel compassion, are one and the same thing. You have a soul, haven’t you?”

“Of course I have,” replied Napoleonder; “a man can’t live without a soul.”

“There! you see!” said the soldier; “you have a soul and you believe in

God. How, then, can you say you don’t know any such thing as pity? You *do* know! And I believe that at this very moment, deep down in your heart, you are mortally sorry for me; only you don’t want to show it. Why, then, did you kill me?”

Napoleonder suddenly became furious. “May the pip seize your tongue, you miscreant! I’ll show you how much pity I have for you!” And, drawing a pistol, Napoleonder shot the wounded soldier through the head. Then, turning to his dead men, he said, “Did you see that?”

“We saw it,” they replied, “and as long as it is so, we are your faithful servants always.”

Napoleonder rode on.

At last night comes; and Napoleonder is sitting alone in his golden tent. His mind is troubled, and he can’t understand what it is that seems to be gnawing at his heart. For years he has been at war, and this is the first time such a thing has happened. Never before has his soul been so filled with unrest. And to-morrow morning he must begin another battle—the last terrible fight with the Tsar Alexander the Blessed, on the field of Borodino.

“Akh!” he thinks, “I’ll show them to-morrow what a leader I am! I’ll lift the soldiers of the Tsar into the air on my lances and trample their bodies under the feet of my horses. I’ll make the Tsar himself a prisoner, and I’ll kill or scatter the whole Russian people.”

But a voice seemed to whisper in his ear, “And why? why?”

“I know that trick,” he thought. “It’s that same wounded soldier again. All right. I won’t give in to him. ‘Why? Why?’ As if I knew why! Perhaps if I knew why, I shouldn’t make war.”

He lay down on his bed; but hardly had he closed his eyes when he saw, by his bedside, the wounded soldier—young, fair-faced, blond-haired, with just the first faint shadow of a mustache. His forehead was pale, his lips were livid, his blue eyes were dim, and in his left temple there was a round black hole made by the bullet from his, Napoleonder’s, pistol. And the ghastly figure seemed to ask again, “Why did you kill me?”

Napoleonder turns over and over, from side to side, in his bed. He sees that

it's a bad business. He can't get rid of that soldier. And, more than all, he wonders at himself. "What an extraordinary occurrence!" he thinks. "I've killed millions of people, of all countries and nations, without the least misgiving; and now, suddenly, one miserable soldier comes and throws all my ideas into a tangle!"

Finally Napoleonder got up; but the confinement of his golden tent seemed oppressive. He went out into the open air, mounted his horse, and rode away to the place where he had shot to death the vexatious soldier.

"I've heard," he said to himself, "that when a dead man appears in a vision, it is necessary to sprinkle earth on the eyes of the corpse. Then he'll lie quiet."

Napoleonder rides on. The moon is shining brightly, and the bodies of the dead are lying on the battlefield in heaps. Everywhere he sees corruption and smells corruption.

"And all these," he thought, "I have killed."

And, wonderful to say, it seems to him as if all the dead men have the same face—a young face with blue eyes, and blond hair, and the faint shadow of a mustache—and they all seem to be looking at him with kindly, pitying eyes, and their bloodless lips move, just a little, as they ask, without anger or reproach, "Why? Why?"

Napoleonder felt a dull, heavy pressure at his heart. He had not spirit enough left to go to the little mound where the body of the dead soldier lay, so he turned his horse and rode back to his tent; and every corpse that he passed seemed to say, "Why? Why?"

He felt no longer the desire to ride at a gallop over the dead bodies of the Russian soldiers. On the contrary, he picked his way among them carefully, riding respectfully around the remains of every man who had died with honor on that field of blood; and now and then he even crossed himself and said: "Akh, that one ought to have lived! What a fine fellow that one was! He must have fought with splendid courage. And I killed him—why?"

The great conqueror never noticed that his heart was growing softer and warmer, but so it was. He pitied his dead enemies at last, and the evil spirit went away

from him, and left him in all respects like other people.

The next day came the battle. Napoleonder led his forces, cloud upon cloud, to the field of Borodino; but he was shaking, as if in a chill. His generals and field-m Marshals looked at him and were filled with dismay.

"You ought to take a drink of vodka, Napoleonder," they say; "you don't look like yourself."

When the Russian troops attacked the hordes of Napoleonder, on the field of Borodino, the soldiers of the great conqueror at once gave way.

"It's a bad business, Napoleonder," the generals and field-m Marshals say. "For some reason the Russians are fighting harder to day than ever. You'd better call out your dead men."

Napoleonder shouted at the top of his voice, "Bonaparty!"—six hundred and sixty-six!—the number of the Beast. But, cry as he would, he only frightened the jackdaws. The dead men didn't come out of their graves, nor answer his call. And Napoleonder was left on the field of Borodino alone. All his generals and field-m Marshals had fled, and he sat there alone on his horse, shouting, "Bonaparty! Bonaparty!"

Then suddenly there appeared beside him the smooth-faced, blue-eyed, fair-haired Russian recruit whom he had killed the day before. And the young soldier said: "It's useless to shout, Napoleonder. Nobody will come. Yesterday you felt sorry for me and for my dead brothers, and because of your pity your corpse-soldiers no longer come at your call. Your power over them is gone."

Then Napoleonder began to weep and sob, and cried out, "You have ruined me, you wretched, miserable soldier!"

But the soldier (who was Ivan-angel, and not a soldier at all) replied: "I have not ruined you, Napoleonder; I have saved you. If you had gone on in your merciless, pitiless course, there would have been no forgiveness for you, either in this life or in the life to come. Now God has given you time for repentance. In this world you shall be punished, but there, beyond, if you repent of your sins, you shall be forgiven."

And the angel vanished.

Then our Don Cossacks fell on Napo-

leonder, dragged him from his horse, and took him to Alexander the Blessed. Some said, "Napoleonder ought to be shot!" Others cried, "Send him to Siberia!" But the Lord God softened the heart of Alexander the Blessed, and the merciful Tsar would not allow Napoleonder to be shot or sent to Siberia. He ordered that

the great conqueror be put into an iron cage, and be carried around and exhibited to the people at country fairs. So Napoleonder was carried from one fair to another for a period of thirty summers and three years—until he had grown quite old. Then, when he was an old man, they sent him to the island of Buan to watch geese.

Cervantes¹

IT is fortunate for faithful Cervantists that they are not subject to the obligation, imposed upon certain other of our modern cults, of acquiring as it falls from the press each successive edition of the book of their delight. The creator of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance was not greatly mistaken in the prediction that his masterpiece would go in all languages to all lands. The Spanish bibliographers inform us, indeed, that of that incomparable book "*Don Quixote*" there have been some three hundred editions—fully two-thirds of them in tongues other than Spanish. The English translations alone will fill a long shelf. But, in the line of translators who have made Cervantes seem almost a British author, a place of peculiar honor and distinction has always been occupied by Shelton, the maker of that first vigorous version in King James's day. Four years ago his rendering was edited by Mr. W. E. Henley for the admirable series of Tudor Translations, and now the Macmillans reprint it in a form so satisfactory and adequate, and so cheap withal, that no true lover of Cervantes will be content to do without it.

The historical appreciation of "*Don Quixote*" has undergone a strange evolution, in some sense a spiritualization; and Shelton's version is curiously connected alike with the first and with the present stage of this progression. It was his translation, appearing in two parts in 1616 and 1620, at a time when English interest in things Spanish was keen and still increasing, that gave Cervantes his astonishing popularity with the somewhat atrabilious readers of the seventeenth cen-

tury. But, although dramatists like Beaumont and Fletcher paid, by their copious borrowing, high tribute to Cervantes as a literary artist, and although certain more sympathetic minds, like some of the Cambridge Platonists, seem to have regarded the gentle knight as a typical and significant case of the melancholy which Burton had anatomized, still with most readers the book passed as simply a good story in the Picaresque tradition. The English books springing from it, and the passages alluding to it, were mainly concerned with the mere craziness of the Don, or with the rough-and-tumble horse-play and practical joking which people had so much relished in the romances of roguery. In the eighteenth century the appreciation deepened, and writers of fiction like Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett came to see in Cervantes the consummate master of their art. Yet still their estimate of him was characteristically constrained by the inevitable limitations of their century. In dwelling, however, upon the inexhaustible fund of merriment which the book provided, they were perfectly right. If one cares for analysis, it is possible roughly to separate all ludicrous effect into four or five distinct types. There is, first of all, *humor*, an intangible essence, the recognition of some subtle incongruity in things, often inextricably fused with pathos, sometimes, as has been said, actually "the cry of pain of a well-bred man." There is *wit*, a superficial phase of humor, in which the incongruous relation is verbal or external, and where the effect is often merely biting or quibbling. Then there is the *comic*, as in Molière or George Meredith, here the incongruity is between some observed trait of feature or character and the permanent standards of common sense and right reason. Finally there is *sarcasm*, in which wit, essentially comic, is called

¹ *History of the Valorous and Willy Knight Errant Don Quixote of the Mancha*. Translated by T. Shelton. (Macmillan's Library of English Classics.) The Macmillan Company New York. 3 vols. \$4.50.

out and directed by actual personal indignation; and *irony*, a gentler and more delicate form of satire, often verging into pure playfulness. Cervantes had a perfect command of each of these and of all of them together. In "Don Quixote" they exist jointly and severally in a degree of vivid charm unsurpassed elsewhere in literature, not excepting Chaucer and Shakespeare.

But in its preoccupation with Rosinante, Dulcinea, del Toboso, and Sancho Panza—with the Hogarthian aspects of the book—the eighteenth century certainly missed the full significance of the protagonist. It is true that no writer, not Shakespeare himself, has suffered from idolatrous exegesis more than Cervantes. We can scarcely hold with Sismondi that "Don Quixote" is the expression of the eternal conflict between the spirit of poetry and the spirit of prose; neither can we go all the way with recent German interpretation, deriving from Sismondi and Bouterwek, which makes the relation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, that union of the clown and the hero, one great allegory of the ideal spirit and the material body wandering together through grotesque caves of sublunary reality. Even to tilt at such critical windmills has come to be Quixotic; and yet some consideration even of these vagaries is essential to any adequate appreciation of Cervantes's work.

The point is that Cervantes, having, like Shakespeare and like Jane Austen, the vivid, realizing, and vitalizing imagination of artists of the highest rank, builded better than he knew. As Coleridge pointed out, the types are universalized, yet always kept to a concrete form and pressure. Byron's saying that Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away" was many years behind the criticism of his day. Cervantes, in his actual life of fighting, wandering, hardship, and im-

prisonment, had shown himself the embodiment of all the old chivalric virtues—

"Trouthe, honour, fredom, and curteisye;" and in all his extravagance the knight of his creation wins our respect for those virtues much more surely than does Amadis de Gaule, the record of whose knightly deeds the Canon preserved from his holocaust of romances. It is now trite criticism to observe that Cervantes's quarrel was not with chivalry, but with the frippery of the multitudinous books of chivalry, and with the unreal convention which sprang from them. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that Cervantes was as ardent a retrospective lover of the true chivalric spirit as Sir Walter Scott himself. And the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, while he was truly enough a romantic fool, was yet universalized, and, as one might say, siderealized. He was not so much a mere crazy person as a bookish and imaginative man who saw reality from too far behind his eyes. It is perhaps not too extravagant and fanciful to say that he is, like Shelley, a typical idealist, with no saving sense of the expediency and necessity of compromise with things as they are.

Now, there is something in the rude yet picturesque Elizabethan English of Shelton's version, in the archaic yet felicitous flavor of it, in its crude gravity of rendering, which helps the reader to realize this profounder interpretation. The late translations by Watts and by Ormsby have, of course, an infinitely greater measure of scholarly accuracy; the latter especially is unequalled in its judicious treatment of Sancho Panza's inimitable proverbial wisdom. But in Shelton's work there are a unity of effect, and a subtle atmosphere of the time, which set it apart from all other versions. This is the reason that one is constrained to such a full expression of gratitude for the present reprint.



Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Battle-Ground (The). By Ellen Glasgow. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 512 pages. \$1.50.

An altogether charming story of life in Virginia before the war, and of the stress and storm of war days. It is even pleasanter reading than Miss Glasgow's "The Voice of the People," which is no slight praise. We shall speak of this novel soon at greater length in connection with other important recent works of fiction.

Black Cat Club (The): Negro Humor and Folk Lore. By James Corrothers. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 264 pages. \$1, net.

Blazed Trail (The). By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 413 pages. \$1.50.

This book marks a decided advance on Mr. White's well-received "The Westerners," in that it has more clear-cut character presentation, more definiteness of outline, and better construction. The author has taken a practically unworked field for his subject, one with which he is acquainted in the smallest detail, one also which offers fine material for incident, dramatic episode, and strong story-interest. This field is that of the great pine forests of Michigan and the army of "lumber-jacks" who, under the generalship of their "Old Fellows," or great timber-owners, attack the forests in winter, and fight against nature, weather, time, raging streams, and a hundred obstacles, to get their enemy safely in the prisons of the great booms. The personal, human element is supplied here by the contest waged by the vigorous young man, Thorpe, who, as a "land-looker," finds and takes up a valuable timber tract, against the crafty old corporation which seeks first to steal the timber, then to forestall him in buying it, and finally to ruin him. There is a love-romance, gracefully and delicately wrought out, but the truest romance of the book is that of the forest and the titanic struggle of man against nature and against man. Mr. White (like Mr. Norris in his "Octopus" and the collaborators Merwin and Webster in two or three stories) has recognized the fact that novel and virile material for fiction may be found in the great processes of industry and commerce—in the play of the tremendous forces of nature and the rivalry of men in utilizing these forces and in keeping to the front against competition, strategy, and conspiracy. There is vividness in the pictures here presented of the brutal, hard-drinking, easy-fighting lumber workers, who have splendid *esprit de corps*, skill and bravery of the highest, capabilities of affection and faithfulness. The book is written in a style which is effective because it is simple and direct; the narrative holds the attention closely, and the plot has a

continuous and increasing grip on the reader. The story will particularly attract young men who are fond of outdoor life and adventure, but it has also claims to be regarded as a piece of genuine literature. It has first-hand knowledge; it has spontaneity and vitality; it has freshness and the wholesome air of the big woods.

Book of Psalms (The). By A. F. Kirkpatrick, D.D. (The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 852 pages.

This volume is one of the best in the useful series to which it belongs. Dr. Kirkpatrick holds mainly with the conservative critics who contend for a genuinely Davidic element in the Psalter and doubt if any Psalms are as late as the Maccabæan period. With the older school of interpreters, he also takes the view that special divine influence so molded the language of certain Psalms as to render them prophetic of the experience of Christ. But his vindication of the imprecatory Psalms, as proper for their times, is based upon considerations which utterly condemn their continued use to-day in his own church.

Bramble Brae. By Robert Bridges (Droch). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×7½ in. 99 pages. \$1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Child Life Fifth Reader (The). By Etta Austin Blaisdell and Mary Frances Blaisdell. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 272 pages. 45c.

Christ and His Cross: Selections from Rutherford's Letters. Arranged by L. H. M. Soulsby. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 207 pages. \$1.

Divine Comedy (The). By Dante Alighieri. Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. (Revised Edition.) In 3 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. \$4.50.

Charles Eliot Norton's prose translation of the "Divina Commedia" has long been known to students of Dante in this country. It is now reprinted in its original form in three volumes; but it has been very thoroughly revised, and many new notes have been added to this edition of what may be regarded as the standard prose translation of the "Divina Commedia."

Essential Truth: An Elementary Catechism. By the Rev. S. H. Woodrow. Published by the Author. 3½×5½ in. 32 pages.

Godly Union and Concord: Sermons preached mainly in Westminster Abbey in the Interest of Christian Fraternity. By H. Hensley Henson, B.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 282 pages. \$2.

Something has been heard here in the reviews and newspapers of Canon Henson's plea with his Anglican brethren for a fraternal attitude toward the non-episcopal churches. His plea

is embodied in this collection of discourses, and is conspicuous in the Introduction to them. It is strong and must prove to be influential. Present tendencies favor it. The wonderful moderation of tone observable in comparing the utterances of sixty years ago upon the divine right of episcopacy with those made to-day is strikingly shown by Canon Henson in parallel columns. His plea that the righting of social wrongs requires the unification of all religious forces, and that this can be accomplished only by substituting Christian fraternity for "religious anarchy," blends with a strong and recurrent note of moral passion. He admits that "the moral effects of ecclesiastical Christianity" deserve all the reproach visited upon them by secularists like Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant. Mundane interests have corrupted religion, and commercialism has desecrated the sanctuary. "The primary need of the hour is more religious honesty." To save us from social perdition there must be a return to Christ and his simplicity. "Essential Christianity must be original Christianity." Christian discipleship "involves a doctrine and treatment of our property which, judged by accepted mundane standards, is almost revolutionary." But in the practical point of view the first thing is "the recovery of Christian fraternity." For this a reform of public opinion must be created in the Anglican Church by appealing to facts everywhere admitted outside of "the coteries of fanaticism." An immediate step to this is to treat the Holy Communion as the Sacrament of Christian Unity. Canon Henson suggests that Presbyterian ministers should give to their communicants sojourning in England letters commending them to the Anglican clergy, and that Anglican bishops should require such letters to be received as entitling the holders to the Communion. That Canon Henson speaks as a convert from opposite views adds weight to his plea. That he is by no means alone as a voice crying in the wilderness, but sustained by many earnest sympathizers, gives hope that this genuinely catholic interest will in time prevail over that which pretends to the name.

Episcopal Church (The): Its Doctrine, Its Ministry, Its Discipline, Its Worship, and its Sacraments. By George Hodges, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5x7½ in. 95 pages. 50c.

Heath and Home Essays. By Esther J. Ruskay. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. 4½x7 in. 96 pages.

Heavenly Harmonies for Earthly Living. By Malcom James McLeod. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 124 pages. 50c.

History of Political Theories (A), Ancient and Mediæval. By William Archibald Dunning, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. 360 pages. \$2.50.

A work of unusual value to political students, profound in its scholarship, clear in its style, and keen and discriminating in its judgments. The strength of the author's common sense shows itself in his introduction, in which he recognizes that political philosophy is rather the result than the cause of objective political history, and makes it his object to record the development of political thought, whether or

not this thought found fitting expression in formal treatises. His account of the political thought of Greece does not, therefore, begin with Plato and Aristotle, who did not write until the constitutional development of the Greek city-states had run its full course, and his account of Roman political thought is an illuminating chapter on the Roman Constitution, rather than a detailed discussion of the writings of Polybius and Cicero. The same sanity characterizes the author's account of the influence of Christianity upon the declining Roman Empire and the influence of the Church upon mediæval institutions. In a few strong lines he describes the literature which exercised a molding influence upon public thought, or which fully typified the public thought. But the work of individual writers during these periods is recognized to have been a subordinate factor in the shaping of institutions. St. Thomas Aquinas is the only author whose system of political philosophy receives elaborate treatment. In the concluding period covered—that of the undermining of the papal ascendancy—the work of individual thinkers again stands out in higher relief, several pages being devoted to Dante, to Marsiglio of Padua, to William of Ockam, and to Nicholas of Cues, while the entire concluding chapter is an examination of the philosophy of Machiavelli. The extent to which some of these mediæval churchmen—particularly Marsiglio and Nicholas—anticipated the advanced doctrines of the American and French Revolutions is often occasion for surprise, while the work of Machiavelli is singularly in harmony with that of Ruemlin and other German philosophers of the present day. It is greatly to be desired that Professor Dunning shall write another volume presenting the history of political thought from the Reformation to the close of the nineteenth century.

Holy War (The): Made by Shaddai upon Diabolus. By John Bunyan. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4x6 in. 339 pages. 50c.

Letters from Egypt and Palestine. By Maltbie Davenport Babcock. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7 in. 157 pages. \$1. net.

These letters, written by the lamented Dr. Babcock, on his last journey, to the Men's Association of the Brick Church, are published by them as a memorial of their beloved pastor. Their ample and entertaining notes of travel are pervaded with the religious interest naturally roused amid Biblical reminiscences. They are illustrated by the products of Dr. Babcock's camera.

Life of Christ (The). By William J. Dawson. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5½x8¼ in. 452 pages. \$1.50, net.

Mr. Dawson, minister of the large Congregational Church in Highbury Quadrant, London, a popular preacher, lecturer, and writer, has been better known in England than here. But this work of his will bring not a few American travelers to listen to him at Highbury. With considerable difference, his general conception of his subject reminds one of Mr. Beecher's rather than of others. Among its special characteristics its plan is most

noticeable—topical, not chronological, portraying the life in its various features and experiences rather than in its historical sequences. As a traveler in Palestine and a student of Jewish society and its traits, Mr. Dawson has been careful to give these sketches their proper realistic setting. He is in sympathetic touch with modern criticism, recognizing some of Jesus' mighty works as naturally wrought, and colored as miracle by popular imagination. At the raising of Lazarus he confesses that "the most devout mind may be forgiven occasional pangs of incredulity." Accepting this, however, as a stupendous miracle, he accords with the evangelical ascription of deity to its author, whose mission he regards as "to impart the spirit of his own divine idealism to the world" and "to establish the religion of humanity." In literary merit, as well as in its ethical and religious value, Mr. Dawson's work ranks among the best.

Madame de Lamballe. By Georges Bertin. Translated into English by Arabella Ward. Godfrey A. S. Wieners, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$ in. 337 pages. \$1.50.

Madness of Philip and Other Tales of Childhood (The). By Josephine Dodge Daskam. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ in. 223 pages. \$1.50.

Miss Daskam has made a very definite impression as a writer, and largely because of the individuality of her point of view as a student and reporter of child life. She deals with the unregenerate child—the child of strong native impulses who has not yet yielded to the shaping force of education; the child, therefore, of originality, of vivacity, of humor, and of fascinating power of invention in the field of mischief. Philip and the other boys who appear in these tales are as far as possible removed from the conventional figures which once filled stories about children. They are not to be commended as examples nor as representative types; but they are young people of great attractiveness, interpreted with wit, humor, and sympathetic imagination.

Meditations for Quiet Moments. By the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $3\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ in. 128 pages. 50c.

Moser's Der Bibliothekar. Edited by William A. Cooper, A.M. The American Book Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 187 pages. 45c.

One World at a Time: A Contribution to the Incentives of Life. By Thomas R. Slicer. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 269 pages. \$1.35, net.

Two classes may be distinguished in the religious world, the rationalist and the mystic. The two characters often blend in various proportions, and are sometimes wholly distinct. Mr. Slicer belongs wholly to the former class. Aside from his earnestly religious interest, the intellectual strain and color of his thought is quite engaging. He is a sharp reasoner, and his shafts of logic carry all the better for being well feathered with wit and aimed with a happy perception of the ridiculous. His chosen title is not negatively intended. It emphasizes the first half of the Biblical promise to godliness, for "the life which now is." That is, it is a good thing to live here and now, and to live religiously is the only way to

live normally and healthfully, as a thoroughly human being. Addressing first the skeptic and the agnostic with an argument all the more cogent for its undiluted rationalism, Mr. Slicer proceeds to present religion as conceived and lived by genuine Unitarians, whom he sharply discriminates from the pseudo-Unitarian. Religion is "an experience of divine realities." It is "passionate devotion to the will of God." It is earnestness for truth and goodness, and for these embodied in personal character. The supreme revelation of God is in Jesus Christ, as the great Unitarian preacher, Thomas Starr King, expressed it in saying, "O God, Thou art an infinite Christ." Faith in Christ is the endeavor "to repeat his life," to think and act on his principles in our present environment. Incidentally, Mr. Slicer discriminates the Unitarian conception of these central verities from those of the creeds by some sharp and occasionally polemic criticism, but returns with reiterated emphasis to his main contention, that one cannot neglect religion without a dwarfing of the soul. Good on the whole as the book is, one feels that it would have been better could its cool rationalism have been touched with warmth from the mysticism that lies at the heart of religion, so happily blended with rationalism in that great Unitarian seer and thinker, James Martineau. This enabled Martineau to see the truth in the idea of the Trinity which Mr. Slicer cannot see. Mr. Slicer reminds one of the white-walled Puritan meeting-house with its windows of plain glass. Laying his book down and taking up one of Dr. Martineau's, we seem to have passed into a modern church with warmly tinted walls, and windows colored with saintly glories, and this we say is better.

Plays of Oliver Goldsmith (The). (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 265 pages. 50c.

Prayer. By the Rev. A. J. Worlledge, M.A. (The Oxford Library of Practical Theology.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 378 pages. \$1.50.

The conception of prayer here presented is comprehensive, high, and true: "an ascent of the mind, heart, and will of man to God"—"the method in which, through spiritual contact with himself, our character is so trained in laws of dependence, fellowship, and progress, so disciplined in obedience and loyalty, as to become fit, without risk to eternal interests, to receive blessings temporal as well as spiritual." The author writes to confirm and develop believers in the exercise of such prayer. With the edification only of devout churchmen in view, he deems it best to limit his references to Christian teaching and experience on this subject mainly to those who, being "churchmen," are not "separated from visible communion with the Catholic church."

Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Barry Lyndon. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 397 pages. \$1.50.

Psychic Research and Gospel Miracles. By Rev. Edward Maccomb Duff, M.A., and Thomas Gilchrist Allen, M.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 396 pages. \$1.50, net.

That there are eminent and scholarly men,

like Sir William Crookes and Professor William James, who are not satisfied with the purely physical explanations that have been given for psychic phenomena is very well established; but that investigation has gone far enough to formulate the laws of such phenomena is as yet very far from demonstration. The failure of this book is in presenting as conclusions what are really only hypotheses. Its faults are abundant: readiness to accept evidence from very doubtful sources; an argumentative rather than judicial spirit; unfamiliarity with, or deliberate disregard of, many results of the modern literary and historical study of the Bible; a crude literary style. Nevertheless this book is one of the signs of the times—a proof that this age is not as materialistic as we are sometimes inclined to believe. Its main contention, moreover, is sound, though not altogether well supported—that the spiritual, or “superphysical,” is a part of God’s creation, and is as truly governed by law as the physical world. The book is probably prophetic of the time when really scientific conclusions will throw light on many psychical mysteries both within and without the narratives of the Gospels.

Secret Place (The): Studies of Prayer. By R. Ames Montgomery, B.A. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 135 pages. 50c., net.

Suggestions on Prayer. By Lucy H. M. Soulsby. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 3¼×6 in. 72 pages. 40c., net.

Tartarin de Tarascon. By Alphonse Daudet. Edited by C. Fontaine. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 145 pages. 45c.

Temple Bible (The). The Johannine Books. Edited by the Rev. Canon Benham, D.D. The Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. Edited by J. Wilson Harper, D.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5 in. 60c., net, each.

These dainty little volumes present in their Introductions a lucid exposition of the contents of the several books. The volume on the Johannine Books also gives a good conspectus of the cardinal ideas of the Johannine theology, and the exposition of the Revelation is remarkably judicious. But one will find little of what the prospectus of the series promised—“the latest accepted results of the best Biblical criticism of the age.” The omission of this is most noticeable in the Introduction to John’s gospel.

Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year. By the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 256 pages. \$1, net.

The successor of the lamented Bishop Westcott in the See of Durham here adds to the devotional works which he has given to the Christian world a series of fifty-two meditations, very brief, and saturated with religious

sentiment. They are closely personal; the social note of religion is seldom struck. They are for the Sunday as a day so apart from the rest that the retrospect or prospect of other days and their duties is not admitted. They aim to plant the soul upon the divine Rock, like Moses within the cloud on Sinai. For the closet and its brief retreat within the shut door they are well adapted, if supplemented by the proper outlook subsequent.

Through the Bible with a Guide. By the Rev. David L. Holbrook. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 206 pages. \$1, net.

This is designed as a manual for those who wish to read the Bible through in course, privately or with others. It was originally prepared for pastoral use in conducting a Bible Reading Circle. The first part distributes the Bible into a three years’ course of a hundred and fifty-six sections, to be read week by week, each section covering a general topic and accompanied with questions. The second part is devoted to hints for the reader, section by section. Questions of modern criticism are foreign to the plan of the course.

Twelfth Night. By William Shakespeare. (The Riverside Literature Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. Paper bound, 15c.

Twenty-Six and One. By Maxime Gorky. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 242 pages. \$1.25.

A group of short stories in Gorky’s characteristic manner, relentlessly true to the hardest facts, with the pathos of the crudest conditions; stories of people at the bottom of society, told by one of them; for Gorky’s knowledge of the tramp and of the unskilled laborer is intimate, sympathetic, and searching. He knows them through and through; the harshness, the bitterness, the hardness, and the humanity that are in them find in him a faithful interpreter. The little story with which the book opens is pathetic beyond words, although told with apparent moral indifference and even with a touch of cynicism.

Unsealed Bible (The); or, Revelation Revealed, Disclosing the Mysteries of Life and Death. By the Rev. George Chainey. Vol. I. *Genesis, or, The Book of Beginnings.* The School of Interpretation, Fine Arts Building, Chicago. 5½×8½ in. 388 pages.

Wide World (The). Northern Europe. (The Youth’s Companion Series.) Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 25c. each.

Familiar glimpses of the habits and bringing up of children in outlying sections of the world. The young reader may here read with both pleasure and profit how babies grow and are schooled in China, Japan, India, Egypt, the Faroë Islands, Lapland, Mexico, and many remote parts of Europe.



Correspondence

The Chinese Question in California *To the Editors of The Outlook :*

The present anti-Chinese sentiment in California is one of the most remarkable instances in American history of the endurance of a race prejudice long after the conditions under which it arose have passed away. Students of early California documents find, as long ago as 1850, in the first session of the State Legislature, evidence that the feeling against foreign miners, which afterwards led to disturbances and to extremely drastic legislation, was even then very strong, and was mainly directed against the Chinese. For more than half a century the effort to keep Chinese labor out of California has continued, though the placer-mines were worked out a generation ago.

An average lawmaker, recognizing the strength of this local feeling, is always inclined to yield to it; the statesman should rather inquire whether any strong anti-Chinese sentiment would or could be developed in California under modern conditions. Suppose the Chinese were now for the first time beginning to come as laborers to California? In that case we believe that they would soon be opposed by the distinctively wage-earning class, but never with the present bitterness, for they could not, as is now the case, be considered the primary cause of the fall of wages from those of placer days. In that case, too, the sentiment of the distinctively employing classes would be more freely expressed in their favor. The crucial problem, that of their ultimate citizenship, would seem to remain; but if less race prejudice existed, more Chinese families might settle in California and more Chinese children might be educated in the California schools.

In California few public men or newspapers even pretend to discuss Chinese restriction as if there could be two sides to it; but what the great middle class, who are neither laborers nor politicians (nor to any great extent employers), thinks on the subject will, in the end, find expression. At present its view is undecided. Every ill-advised strike inclines the middle class to help employers to obtain more Chinese labor. Cheap labor

it is not, in these days; for on many California fruit farms Portuguese, Americans, and Chinese are all employed at identical wages, but in different lines of work. If the average Chinaman adopted American dress and customs, bought land (as some do), paid taxes, and wanted citizenship, the strong sentiment against him would in time die out. It exists nowhere else in the United States in such intensity as on the Pacific Coast, and while our lawmakers must recognize it as a serious local problem, they need not exaggerate its importance nor enact unduly repressive legislation. Beyond reasonable doubt, the anti-Chinese sentiment in California has been materially modified in the last fifteen years, and may be expected to lessen still more. As house-servant, as "washman," as fruit-peddler, and in many horticultural lines and small industries, the Chinaman really suits California and the Californians much better than they are yet willing to acknowledge.

Niles, Cal.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

Wisconsin Politics Once More *To the Editors of The Outlook :*

The letter by E. P. Salmon commenting on the article by Amos P. Wilder on "Governor La Follette and Wisconsin Politics," in which the writer of that article is branded as ill informed, calls for a further statement. The distrust of the motives and the sincerity of the Governor is not shared by the people of the State at large, and the evidence of this lies in the fact that his nomination was forced upon the party managers, who were obliged to withdraw their support from other candidates, among them Mr. Whitehead, and this nomination was ratified at the polls by over 100,000 majority. This is the "accident" to which Mr. Salmon refers. When these party managers found they were unable to control the nomination, they concentrated their efforts on the Legislature and succeeded in defeating the aims of the Governor and the will of the people as expressed in the party platform.

When Mr. Salmon states that the real opposition is to Mr. La Follette and not to the primary election principle and to

tax reform, he shows how little he understands the character of that opposition. There are good men and true who question the wisdom of the primary election law, but the backbone of the opposition is with those who have for years controlled the Republican party in the State and run it in the interests of the corporations in which they are interested.

The statement that the Governor's present following has its strength from office-holders whom he has appointed will cause a smile from Wisconsin readers who know that the Federal office-holders through the State are the strongest allies of the leaders of the opposition, while the Governor has few influential offices at his disposal.

Your correspondent states that Mr. Whitehead is in favor of a primary election law; but the organization which supports him, known as the Wisconsin Tammany, is burdening the mails with printed matter opposing such a law.

No one in Wisconsin has anything but respect for the character of Mr. Whitehead, and the statement that the element that opposes his temperance views will unite on Governor La Follette, and that this shows the character of the two men, is such an intemperate remark as to require no comment. The fact is that Mr. Whitehead is being put forward by men whose ways are peculiar. Now that Mr. Payne has left the State, the Republican Boss who succeeds him is his old political partner, and his methods are such as Mr. Whitehead probably does not approve. While the Boss is wealthy and has long been known to be liberal in the use of money in politics, it is not believed that he alone furnishes the enormous sums which are being expended. When it is remembered that the defeat of the tax legislation urged by the Governor has resulted in saving to the railroads of the State \$1,200,000, it is manifest that a motive exists for the corrupt practices which prevail. It is this corrupt use of money that has controlled political action in Wisconsin and enabled the machine to nullify the party pledges, and in its threatened use lies the only danger of the principles for which Governor La Follette stands being suppressed during the next campaign.

Mr. Salmon's statement that the La

Follette element did its utmost to prevent the appointment of Mr. Payne as Postmaster-General is wrong; but that element, being as loyal to the President as it is to the Governor, would have sought to prevent the appointment had it been aware that there was danger of one who is known in Wisconsin as an adroit lobbyist receiving a Cabinet appointment.

Governor La Follette was held in high esteem by President McKinley, with whom he was closely associated in framing the tariff measures adopted while they were in the House of Representatives, and he impresses a stranger as honest and sincere. To those who know him best he is a frank and able and honorable man. No better evidence of this can be found than the fact that thousands of the intelligent young men of the State, particularly the graduates of the State University, are among his heartiest supporters.

But the old bosses, the corporation lobbyists, and those who prefer to wreck the party rather than have a party leader whom they cannot control, are bitter in their opposition and are spending vast sums in efforts to defeat him.

GEORGE H. D. JOHNSON.

Milwaukee.

Tax on Art

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The question of protection to American art has long been a theme in the discussion of which many artists and laymen, connoisseurs and buyers, have engaged. That American art should have some protection is conceded by all, but just what may be, yes, is, the mooted question.

There are thousands of young men and women taking up art, expecting to make a living by it. They are told that in the industrial arts there is a vast field not yet cultivated. The field of illustration offers great inducement, and there is abundance of room at the top. The demand for cheap portraiture, in the so-called crayon pictures, is very seductive to hundreds having a fondness for the profession. Many of these engaged in the vaudeville of art hope some day to enter the legitimate and paint real pictures in water and oil. Others, who in their youthful days enjoyed a home of affluence and all the privileges such a home gave to the more favored, cultivated their

artistic gifts and through their work enjoyed the distinction of home popularity, enter into art as a means of providing the living which misfortune has swept away.

Out of this medley of aspirants there are some, if not many, who need the fostering care of their fellow men and women, and in protection to art they see a means to an end. There are a host of Americans who, through subsidized franchises, have become multi-millionaires and now parade their ignorance as well as wealth before European merchants and art dealers. They are a bonanza for the art dealers who keep a number of clever artists copying old masters and illustrious modern masters, deceased, to supply the demand from Americans. Then there are others, American railroad officials and successful business men, who wish to have some foreign work upon their walls, and they are caught with the copyists in the galleries who will sell a panel for a few dollars. The writer knows of such that were purchased for one dollar each and yet are more pure and harmonious in color and better in drawing than many pretentious pictures seen on the walls of our academy exhibitions. They are, however, of no real art value to the purchaser; they fill up wall space; and they are an injury to the student who may see them. To keep this class of work out of the country would be a blessing to American art, and I know of no better way than to adopt the idea of the late John Sartain, than whom there was no greater friend to the struggling art students. Mr. Sartain, in 1883, when this subject was under consideration by American artists, counseled a demand for a *specific* duty of \$200 on each picture. That would not be prohibitive when some wealthy American wished to bring home a worthy picture, but it would prohibit the importation of "pot-boilers," and when a good picture was purchased for a museum or public gallery the duty should be rebated.

We need good paintings for our public galleries, and it is to be hoped that some of the best of *contemporary art* will be secured from each country and hung upon the walls of public galleries where students may see nature and color through different masters' eyes, then go to nature to seek such colors, that their work may be better; but we don't wish to

subject our students, and artists as well, to a competition with a foreign art at one dollar per square foot.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

The Higher Criticism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It must be that no inconsiderable number of your subscribers have read with pained amazement the article in your issue of March 15, "The Outcome of the Higher Criticism." It does not seem possible that the "Higher Criticism" can be the altogether bad thing it is made to appear by the startling exponent of it who in your pages so airily takes his leave of the great Christian verities, one by one. I am prepared always to find The Outlook's theology not in accord with my own convictions, but this has not prevented my opening its pages expecting to find, in matters of practical religion, much constantly that is illuminating and bracing. Would there longer be any religion to practice if one should become convinced that your writer's remote, shadowy, and indifferent God must take the place of the Heavenly Father who, through the struggle to work out one's salvation, had seemed to be working too, close at hand, enabling one to will and to work for his good pleasure?

There are surely millions of Christians to whom the "reasonable religious and holy hope" is *not* vague nor unsatisfying, and to whom any "cooling" of interest in foreign missions would mean nothing less than indifference to the commission of the divine Head of the Church that she go forth and make disciples of all the nations. Would The Outlook think it, not "a fearful loss," but rather "a gain," if through any teaching in its pages the number of these were less?

E. A. JENNISON.

San Mateo, Cal.

[It should be remembered by our correspondent that the opinions expressed in a signed article do not necessarily represent the views of The Outlook. We take, therefore, this opportunity to repeat what The Outlook has constantly and we think consistently maintained, that the so-called "Higher Criticism" has not been chiefly destructive, that in no respect has it overthrown the bases of Christianity, but, on the contrary, has made those

bases firmer. We think, moreover, that the re-reading of the article in question will show that this is the belief of the writer; that so far from making God "a remote, shadowy, and indifferent God," it has "brought into prominence a closeness to God and real fellowship with him of which we had not heretofore been conscious," and that it has affected "methods" in foreign missions rather than missions themselves.—THE EDITORS.]

Royal Visitors One Hundred Years Ago To the Editors of The Outlook:

Now that Prince Henry has been the guest of the Nation, it is interesting to read the announcement given in the "Columbian Centinel" (Boston, Mass.), October 21, 1799, of the arrival of the Orleans Princes in that city—the Duke of Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe, King of France) and his brothers Count de Montpensier and Count Bojolais. "The fame of Boston," we read, "for the

salubrity of its climate and hospitality of its citizens is rapidly appreciating; and it annually becomes the increased resort of foreigners and Southerners of distinction. We have now as visitors, among many others, the three sons of the late Duke of Orleans, Chartres, and Montpensier." Only that, and nothing more.

Chartres was the name the Duke of Orleans was called by his brothers—a mistake the editor, Major Russel, must have discovered in his after intimacy with the Duke, who contributed to the "Centinel," at a later date, a vindication of the character of his father, guillotined some three years before. Evidently there was little enthusiasm expended in those days by Americans upon royal visitors, the fame of Boston's climate in this notice being given precedence to the presence in that city of the "descendant of sixty kings"—Chartres Egalité—whom the Dumouriez faction then desired to make King of France. P.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. What more did Peter mean by "salvation" or being "saved" in Acts iv., 12, and equivalent expressions, than deliverance from calamities impending over ungodly Jews, especially the murderers of their Messiah, in the settlement God was about to make with them in the coming "end of the age"? 2. Acts v., 1-11, represents death inflicted directly by God in punishment for lying. Though the lie was of a specially aggravated type, is not such a view in opposition to the teaching of Jesus in Luke xiii., 1-5? 3. Does not the Apostle's part in this occurrence show the spirit rebuked in Luke ix., 52-56, rather than the spirit of Christ? 4. Has The Outlook reviewed Dr. Ezra P. Gould's "Biblical Theology of the New Testament"? If so, in what number? C. M.

1. There is no evidence that he gave these terms a narrower meaning than they regularly carry in New Testament usage, which refers them to the whole man, body and spirit both (see 1 Timothy iv., 8). 2. This passage requires no theory of a direct divine intervention. Such sudden deaths often occur as the result of excessive emotion, such as the public disgrace of his hypocrisy may well have caused in Ananias, and, with the added intelligence of her husband's death, in Sapphira also. 3. No; if one takes account of the exceptional severity with which Jesus treated the sin of hypocrisy as the deadly bane of spiritual life (see Matthew xxiii., 13-36). 4. Yes, August 11, 1900, page 882.

Sherlock, in his "Tryal of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus," says: "The French prophets put the credit of their mission upon the resurrection of Dr. Emmes, and gave public notice of it." Who were these French prophets, and what the particulars of the alleged resurrection of Dr. Emmes? Please refer to sources giving a full account of the case. H. P. H.

Referred to our readers.

Where can I find the Latin poem said to be the prayer of Mary Queen of Scots while in prison? I can only recall some fragments, as follows:

O Domine Jesu,
Commiseram me,
... in genuflectendo
Adoro, imploro
Nunc misera me.

Referred to our readers.

L.—If one who has been a member of the New Church sixty-five years, and a preacher in it over forty years, may add a word to your answer to "L.'s" question, I will say that the New Church is simply and only the "New Age"—which is the ripening manhood age of developing humanity as a race, and its fruits which are now cropping out in every department of human thought and industry. The organized New Church is but a small fraction of it. It includes all—and whether in or outside any church, and whatever be their professed belief—who are coming into a state to *love* to do good, and to love to do it for the sake of good to *others*. Such, in a word, is the New Church, and such its great leading characteristic. "All its religion has relation to life; and the life of its religion is to do good," says its great teacher. Its highest worship even is in doing good. "A man is in his highest state of worship while performing the uses of charity," says the same author. E. A. B.

Who wrote a short poem beginning,

"The web of life is most wondrously spun,
There are threads of gold for duty done," etc.? C. D. V.

Can any reader give me the name of a story which mentions the name of the dog it tells of, that followed the shepherds to the manger to see the Christ-child? E. D. B.